

PENTHOUSE

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright pink button-down shirt and blue jeans, is posing against a clear blue sky. She is holding onto a thin branch or wire with her right hand. The shirt is open, revealing her midriff. She is wearing large hoop earrings.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

©

APRIL 1970 75 cents

**COLONEL WILLIAM R. CORSON
ON THE WHY OF MY LAI**

**DR ALBERT ELLIS PROBES THE
SEXUAL CRIMINAL**

**NOBEL PEACE PRIZE WINNER:
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW**

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/APRIL 1970



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Choreography of a SOUFFLE Grand Marnier



Melt 3 T of butter. Add 3 T of flour, blending thoroughly. Gradually stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of hot milk. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar and continue stirring until sauce is thickened and smooth. Remove the pan from the fire. Beat 4 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored and add to the cream sauce. Allow it to cool for a few minutes and then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Grand Marnier. Beat 5 egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold them in gently. Pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé dish which has been sprinkled with sugar. Bake in a 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes or until the soufflé is light, puffy and delicately browned. Serve at once with Grand Marnier sauce.

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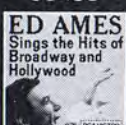
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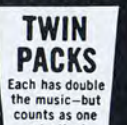
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APPLIED INSOMNIA

We've never gone very much on sleep and until science comes up with something a little less demanding we're going to continue fighting it. We accept the concept of sleep, and the theory of its efficacy is certainly sound, but we just can't come to terms with the reality.

Most people spend one third of their lives or approximately 25 years oblivious to the world around them. It wouldn't be so bad, of course, if we could choose just when and where and how to write this precious quarter century off. The first few years of our lives aren't very productive for example, and who would object if we spent them in one rigidly confined and stuporous lump? Puberty provides yet another forgettable epoch wherein the horrors of sleep could reasonably and equitably supplant the confusion that body, mind and heart must suffer in the process. We could snooze right through those interminable days of acne and sexual anxiety and wake up refreshed and ready for manhood. Times of war or any other protracted period of social strife are equally suitable. While our leaders are committing us willy-nilly to the battlefields and rice paddies of some alien land we could all go to sleep and screw the bunch of them. Old age or prolonged illness are perhaps the most viable and sleepworthy periods of all.

There are, of course, many serious disadvantages to sleeping and we have known and suffered each of them. Our best ideas come within scant moments of the brain shutting down. They are invariably our most creative and useful thoughts of the day and yet we deliberately allow ourselves periods of measured unconsciousness in which to forget them. Dreams, which we have always regarded as pretty poor compensatory entertainment for psychic inactivity, are normally as dumb as they are uninterpretable—hardly a worthy substitute for the more direct and simplistic offerings of late night television.

To pluck, therefore, one single golden moment of our youth would be intolerable. It is precisely here and now that the first of life's momentous truths unfolds. It is *now* that we become abruptly aware that little girls are really no different than little boys and that they are looking for the same things we are looking for only they're looking twice as hard! A few years earlier, anyone could have convinced us that the stirring in our loins was a peculiarly masculine phenomenon and that women were born to suffer (and trained to repel) the *unnatural* desires and advances that naturally followed. Nothing could be further from the truth, and with this knowledge coupled with the spirit of youth and the impetus of discovery, who has time to sleep anyway!—**B.G.**



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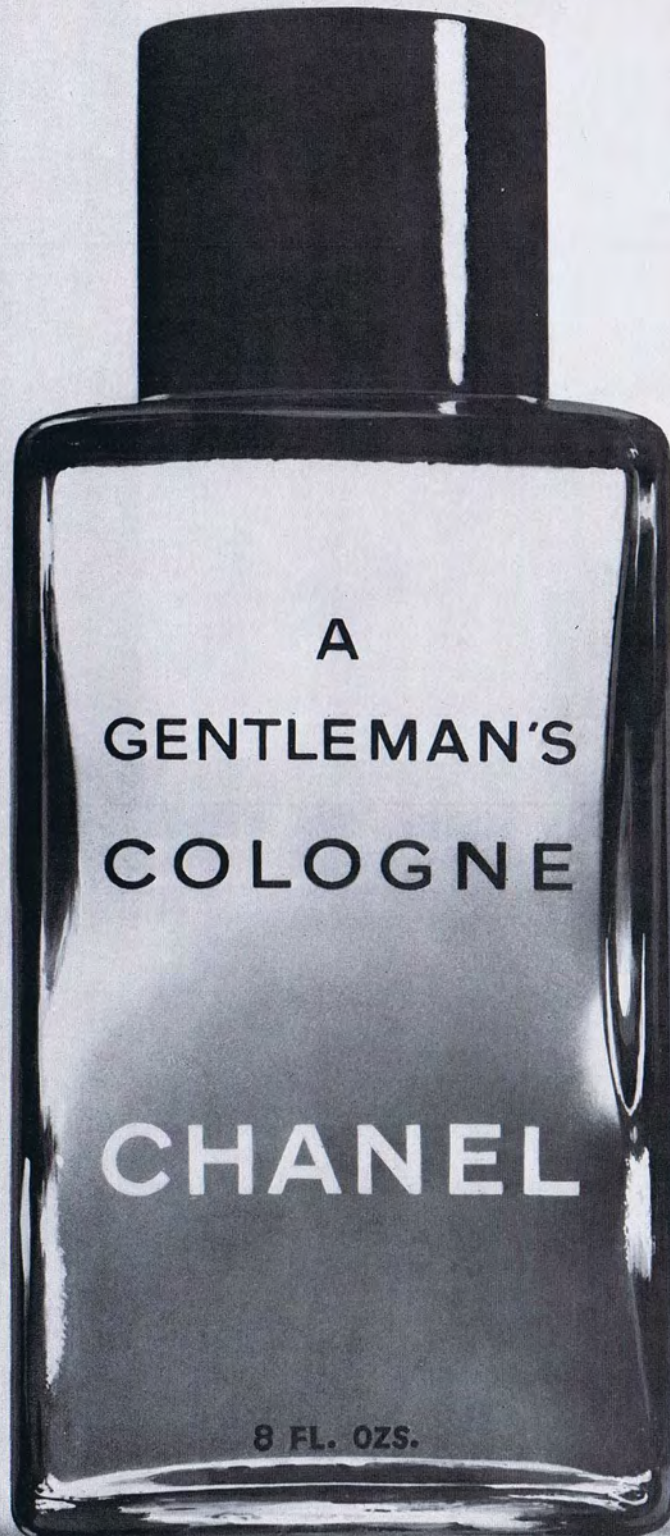


ASH

With the imminence of the My Lai trials, William R. Corson, retired Marine colonel, with three years' combat experience in Vietnam, contributes a penetrating article (*The Why of My Lai*) on the conflicts and pressures that form the background to the alleged massacre. In 1968 Corson, following his retirement (he is still only 44), wrote the best-selling *The Betrayal*, pitching the Pentagon into a flurry of threats and promises. With a Ph.D in economics he has taught at Howard university, and has a book coming out in May called *Promise or Peril: The Black College Student in America* (W. W. Norton & Co). Another topical issue, with moves afoot to alter legislation, is the new marijuana culture of the young, for which James Lichtenberg advances the arresting theory (*Hemp and the Hucksters*) that advertisements carry a major responsibility. Long a publicity and advertising man with Columbia Pictures, Lichtenberg is also involved in the pop scene through contributions on rock music to *The East Village Other*. Equally involved in his subject is David Ash, record-breaking driver and noted commentator on all things automotive, whose *Automobile*

Almanac (Popular Publications) is a standard work. On the eve of the New York spring show Ash acts as guide to some of the more stimulating models to be seen at the Coliseum (*The Show Must Go On*, page 33). Needing no introduction is Dr Albert Ellis, psychologist, author of numerous frank and widely read books such as *Sex & the Single Man*. In this issue he studies the baffling phenomenon of *The Sexual Criminal* and suggests possible approaches to preventing such murderous outbursts. Preserving our international flavor are the distinguished Frenchman, Peace Prizewinner Rene Cassin, who is interviewed on the prospects for international cooperation, and our fiction contributor Ian Stewart, a 27-year-old English schoolteacher and novelist. Stewart spent some time in the bush in Zambia, teaching at an African village school, but his taut story has a contrasting cosmopolitan setting, with a theme of refined revenge. Finally, a contributing editor unveiled: James Kotsilibas-Davis writes our notes on Films. A former writer-reporter for *Life*, he is now a New York freelance working on a biography of Maurice Barrymore, founder of the acting dynasty. **KEY**

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Consumer reports

While taking a casual walk past the drugstore magazine stand, something caught my glance. It was the exquisitely beautiful portrait of Janet Pearce gracing the December issue. My immediate reaction was "Hefner has outdone himself this year", but—moving closer—I discovered a magazine which didn't seem to belong on the stand.

It was not *Playboy*, and yet there were no glaring blurbs (THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON), no crude artwork of bound and gagged women surrounded by sneering Gestapo (NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: SEVEN DAYS OF INDESCRIBABLE HELL!!), and of the four modestly printed cover stories, two had nothing to do with sex. And one of those had real class. I didn't have time to look inside, so I bought it solely because of the cover layout, and the Habsburg article. Together they impressed me that the magazine would be worth reading, and I was not disappointed.

My compliments to your talent.—*Mark West, East Eighth St., Bloomington, Indiana.*

I would like to congratulate your staff on bringing to the United States a tasteful, articulate, and beautifully photographed magazine. I have purchased every issue since September and must compliment you on your choice of girls—they're beautiful.

We here in the New York metropolitan area are especially proud of Mr Guccione not only for his outstanding photography but also because he is a fellow Paisano who made good, and had the nerve to challenge the almighty Mr Hefner and his magazine, which of late has been getting stale. Especially for the money they charge.

Lots of luck, Penthouse, and keep up the fine issues.—*Frank Traina, East 27 Street, Paterson, New Jersey.*

I picked up the Penthouse habit while in London last year, and was thinking of taking a subscription until I read issue no. 4 of your American edition. A Housecall article called "Case History of a Burglary" has made me stop to reconsider. It seems that those persons whose opinions you favor are not as well informed as you think. I am a subscriber to *Playboy* and I read each issue from cover to cover. I do the same with my newsstand copies of *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Esquire*. As part of the American market for meaningful

publications, I deeply resent being looked on as an impotent idol-worshipper.

I buy Penthouse for the same reason that I buy *Playboy*. It's an intelligent, tasteful men's magazine. I will continue to buy it, but I shall watch the editorial page closely. Mr Guccione, I believe that you will find that many of your readers are also *Playboy* fans. By taking potshots at Hefner's readers, you are wounding many of your own.—*Bill House, USAFSS, San Antonio, Texas, 78241.*

As a subscriber to *Playboy* since 1955 I was naturally interested to read of Penthouse in *Time* but it was not until I was in New York last week that I finally obtained a copy. The fact that you are seriously trying to compete with *Playboy* is evident; the fact that you are going to succeed is obvious.

I have become more and more disenchanted with the direction that *Playboy* is going, and have missed the type of interesting, informative, and in many cases, lighthearted articles that used to be a part of the magazine. I would rather read of the fight for causes, police brutality, and other daily happenings in the newspaper, news magazines, and numerous other publications on the market. But in what issue of *World Affairs*, or in what newspaper would you find space devoted to ancient means

of contraception? I read it in Penthouse, and I would have read it in the past in *Playboy*.

Problems exist and these problems should be discussed. However, to automatically support any rebel cause should be left for specialized publications, or the "underground" press. Let's have one magazine which can be serious, but which leaves some room for a lighthearted look at life (and fantasy). Not many of us are able to spend time with your (our) Pet of the Month (my wife says I don't stand a chance), but we do like her the way she is today, not the way *Playboy* sees her tomorrow, under the influence of pot, unwashed and who knows, maybe even with clothes on! (The way the magazine has changed, that may be Hugh Hefner's next "cause".)

And to top it all off, Bob Guccione likes girls (to quote *Time*). Can we lose??!!—*Bruce F. Cushman, MSgt, USAF, Canadian Forces Station Lamacaza, Ecowi, P.Q. Canada.*

Forbidden fleece?

I recently bought an issue of Penthouse and I think it is one of the best magazines printed today. I have only one complaint. All the lovely women in the past issues of Penthouse would have been much more beautiful if you didn't hide or cover their genital area. The figure of a lovely woman with a rose covering this area or with her legs crossed is beautiful, but she would be much more beautiful and the picture would be enhanced if her genital area were shown also. If you are going to show the attractive figure of a woman you shouldn't neglect to present one of its most important areas—the genitalia. I know I speak for many. People are tired of seeing the pubic hair on so many beautiful women covered up.

Remember, sooner or later one of the magazines for men is going to start showing the genitalia along with the rest of the female figure, and when this happens that magazine will become the most popular around. I would like to see Penthouse become that magazine.—*A.B. (name and address withheld), Arcadia, Calif.*

Beefcake too

Have been reading your magazine for the past five months, and I think it is good, but you seem to be missing something. Please can you tell me what is so exciting about a woman's rear-end, as seen on pages 46 and 49 of the November issue? What's more disgusting is the photo on page 48 of the January issue. Really,



the photographers should have better imagination than that! There should be more girls posing in front of natural surroundings. This you did very well in the Ulla and Evelyn features. The female figure is beautiful and free-moving and should be placed in the elements of Nature. Don't cramp its style.

As for your second feature, why not have variety, as you did in the September, October and January issues? But what is wrong with the male figure? Surely there must be some women out there who enjoy seeing the male. You did this to some extent in the *Vixen* review. Men and women belong together so why do all these magazines keep them separated? Please keep this idea in mind for future issues.—*D.F.* (name and address withheld), *Ellensburg, Washington*.

Pariahs of the Permissive Society

I was reading Dr Ullerstram's article in your October issue and just couldn't help airing my views on the subject. I think I am what is categorized as a sexually normal person. I enjoy intercourse with females tremendously. Although the thought of two men or two women enjoying sexual relations turns me off, I don't frown on it. As long as they are happy, and not bothering or hurting anybody I couldn't care less. The way I figure it, it's their business.

As far as brothels are concerned, I'm all for them. If a man could have sexual relations with a woman any time he wanted, the world would be a lot better for it. I think the number of rapes and sexual crimes would decrease fantastically. Although you may scoff at my use of the term "sexual crimes", I'd like to say that in my opinion any sex act taken out on an unwilling partner is a sexual crime. A person giving up their body in this way is the same as somebody giving up their money in a holdup.

I also think sex education should be expanded and taught to the full extent. Children today are growing up with the idea that sex is dirty—it isn't. Unmarried people should not be condemned for having sexual relations, it is a very healthy and normal reflex. I'd appreciate any comments or constructive criticism.—*Edwin W. Lampe* (address withheld), *U.S.N.*

In praise of younger women

As a senior citizen of 50, plus a disheartening little, I would very much appreciate it if you would permit me to go on record as asserting that the girls of today are the most attractive and visually exciting examples of femininity ever known.

What a wonderful contrast they are to the inhibited, introverted "sex-is-awful" and "don't-look-at-me-like-that" girls of my younger days. With their exciting miniskirts, their free-moving and glad-to-be-female bodies, and the healthy and natural pride in generating sexual interest in all uncastrated males who look at them showing in their bearing and in their faces, today's girls are marvelous.

There is sadness in the realization that my vain, long-ago searching for today's girl could never have been successful. I was looking for unashamed natural enthusiasm, but all you were ever granted were favors. Today's girls,

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bless them, do not regard hypocrisy as part of being feminine. If he is the right man for her, she is just as naturally excited about the prospect of sleeping with him as he is with her—and that is how it should be. Why the hell couldn't girls have learnt this in my day?

Bless you, today's girl. I'm glad the pill was invented. You deserve it, and good luck to you.
—F.H. (name and address withheld), Caterham, Surrey, England.

Next, necrophiles?

Are the majority of your published correspondents aware that, far from providing a serious topic of discussion among adult readers, their peculiar likes, dislikes, fetishes, and reported actions, etc., serve only as a mild amusement? Do these good people really exist? And are we to accept as normal such things as beating, rubberwear, vinyl and all the rest of it, in the pursuit of sexual fulfilment? Would it not be kinder in the long run for them to understand right now that they really are sick?

The silly sexy '60s, despite the relaxed permissive attitudes prevalent throughout them, have done little to alleviate the ills of society. Rather have those ills been aggravated, since in our unceasing search for the myth of individual freedom we have succeeded only in making self-interest our be-all and end-all. We could of course do as we have done with abortion and homosexuality, and legalize a few more things; the sort of things your correspondents advocate, such as troilism, sadism, masochism and the other "isms". And what about a necrophile's

sex kicks? Are we to fix him up as well? If not, why not? Is it so ridiculous to mention necrophiles in the same breath as sadists? After all they are after a similar end-product.

Aren't we all listening and agreeing far too much with psychologists and psychiatrists and zoologists and magazine philosophers and avant-garde leaders and so on when the application of a little plain old common sense would show us just how silly and selfish we are? The pity of it all is that we like what these guys tell us. It's pleasant.

Come on, you wives and girl-friends. Put your panties back on. Throw away the rubber and leather gear and burn the whips and the hairbrushes. And maybe your menfolk will learn to appreciate you for the wonderful people you are, and not because they fancy you in a pair of kinky boots or what have you. As for you men, for Pete's sake take a look at your women. Is there a more beautiful sight in this world than a naked woman, as the Penthouse Pets have often demonstrated? Surely to God you don't have to dress your girl up to be in love with her, and that is what "making love" is all about, isn't it?

Yes, you have guessed right. I am one of the "older" types, a couple of years "old" if 30 is the critical age. Nonetheless, I am a damn sight more appreciative of the Fair Sex than some of you lot. Learn to appreciate your women for something other than a bloody wet raincoat. To quote from the *Laugh-in*, "Think about it"—Paul Anderson, Shropshire Road, Scampton, Lincolnshire.

Nasal arousal

It would be of great interest to me and, I think, to many of your readers to have some discussion of the erotic value of the beautifully formed female nose, a feature that has never received its full due in studies of human sexual response. The pages of Penthouse are filled with some extraordinarily lovely female noses and it has always amazed me that so little attention is directed to their undoubted erotic qualities.

I, for one, derive intense sexual stimulation from the sight of and contact with well-sculpted noses, and I think this fetish is by no means rare. Over a number of years I have enjoyed sexual relations with an attractive older woman whose nose is delightfully turned up. Our foreplay begins with nose rubbing, the "Eskimo kiss" as it is sometimes called, and we continue this throughout coitus. I must say the nose contact has added immeasurably to my enjoyment.—E. W. Harris, Hotel Siam, Bangkok, Thailand

Pain and pleasure

After reading your Penthouse Forum I am under the impression that interest in spanking and the like is more widespread in England than in the United States. Am I correct?

One thing I have noticed is that 90% of the letter writers mentioned using a cane, while most U.S. readers use a hairbrush. Also, the punishment seems much longer and more severe in the U.S. I don't know if this is really the case or not. I also wonder how many of the stories cited in the letters are true and how many are fantasy.

I cannot give experiences of my own because, to be truthful, at age 22 I have never had my bottom, bare or otherwise, spanked.—W.J.E. (name and address withheld), San Francisco.

I have read the letters on corporal punishment with much interest because I am an 18-year-old student at a girls' school. Here in Germany it is natural for boys and girls to receive the whip for bad behavior. I may wear mini-skirts and little bikinis and go with my boyfriends, but I must obey my parents if I would live with them.

My parents correct me with the special whip which is permitted by law to punish children over 16. It has many cords of leather, and I still have much pain and burn long after I have been disciplined. But I am then being a very obedient girl for many days. I receive the whip before I am going sleeping. I must bend myself over my bed, and I must not be wearing panties or any clothes. When I am being fresh to my mother, for example, the whip will sing maybe four times; but when I have stolen fifty DM from my mother, it was singing 20 times, and I was not sleeping much in that night!

It would be no use to me if I would refuse to bend myself for punishment: my father would be giving me a note for my teacher asking her to give me the necessary strokes at school. The teachers are permitted to use a different whip, made of many twigs, each maybe 1.20 metres long, and the pain is terrible. I received the whip at school when I was 15, and I am not annoying my teachers since then.

It is very seldom if a girl must be disciplined

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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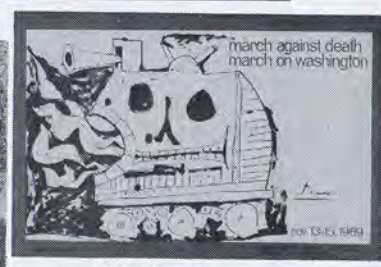


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VIEW FROM THE TOP



Let's play priorities

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The game is called PRIORITIES, and it involves not only the standard playing-board, dice, tokens and printed cards but also a tremendous supply of play money. Two hundred billion dollars worth. Roughly the amount involved in this year's federal budget. (Allocating budget expenditures is the basic idea of the game.) And although the play money is provided in \$1,000 bills, the package has to contain 200,000,000 of them!

The game can be played by any number from one to 537 people. If all 537 want to get in the game at once, they have to split up into four separate locations. Four hundred thirty-five get together in one house, called THE HOUSE, another 100 gather in one called THE SENATE. One player known as THE PRESIDENT retreats to a place called THE WHITE HOUSE, and the remaining participant—the VICE PRESIDENT—has to find his own place.

The ideal number, of course, is four. Then you have one as THE HOUSE, another as THE SENATE, a third as THE PRESIDENT, and the fourth as the VICE PRESIDENT, or dummy, who sits with the Senate and stands in for the President. If played as solitaire, obviously one player assumes all the roles.

Before the game begins, it is assumed that one \$1,000 bill has been collected from every man, woman and child in America to make up the treasury. A designated treasurer divides the money equally among the players and shouts, "Play PRIORITIES!" Everyone places his token on the box marked START and prepares for the race to the last box, or goal, called NATIONAL SECURITY.

The President moves first, followed by the House and Senate. He rolls the dice and

moves his token the indicated number of squares. The square on which he arrives will give him further instructions. "Safe" squares are those which tell him to "Collect salary from Treasury" or "Take trip overseas—collect expense money", etc. There are only a few of these. Most often the player will arrive on a square telling him he must deal with a CRISIS.

When this happens, he goes to one of the two decks and takes a CRISIS CARD. There are 100 of these, so space doesn't allow listing them all here. But among them are CRIME (Organized and In-The-Streets), POLLUTION (Air and Water), RACISM (White and Black), RIOTS (White and Black), OVER-POPULATION (White, Black, Red, Yellow, etc.), INFLATION, RECESSION, YOUTHFUL REBELLION, CAMPUS UNREST, TAXPAYERS' REVOLT, NARCOTICS, COMMUNISM (Russian, Asian and Domestic), POSTAL BREAKDOWN, TRANSPORTATION BREAKDOWN, and of course URBAN DECAY. The player must cope with each crisis successfully before he can advance his token toward the goal. First he assigns it a priority by deciding how much money he will risk in his attempt to find the solution among the cards in the second deck, called the FACILITIES deck. He may buy as many of these cards as he wishes at a cost of \$50m. each (that is, 50,000 \$1,000 bills). And of course there are a total of 4,000 of these \$50m. facilities cards in the deck. So you can see, much of the game is spent handling and counting money.

Anyway, he announces his appropriation, expends the money, and receives his facilities. If any of the facilities he has bought match the problem, he is successful and is free to move on when his next turn comes. If none of them matches the problem, however, he has wasted his money and must try to deal with the same crisis again on his next turn.

And how do we determine whether the facilities match the crisis? Ah! Therein lies the crux of

the game. All the cards in both decks are of two suits: MILITARY and NON-MILITARY. If the crisis is military and the facilities are non-military, obviously they do not match and the expenditure is wasted. You cannot, for example, deal with a crisis in Russian Communism—like Berlin—by buying a card containing a non-military facility like schools or hospitals. Neither can you solve a non-military crisis like student unrest by buying a card containing a military solution like a squadron of fighter-bombers or an inter-continental ballistic missile.

Matching cards of only two suits sounds easy enough. But looking more closely at the CRISIS deck, you will notice that only two of the 100 crises are classifiable as military: RUSSIAN and ASIAN COMMUNISM. (Even that is open to dispute, but for the sake of argument we will concede the point.) All the rest are clearly non-military in nature. And to keep the game authentic, a little more than half of all the FACILITIES cards contain military solutions. This reflects the actual fiscal 1970 budget of some 80 billions for "Defense" plus 24 to 30 billions for Vietnam.

So you can see that while only 2% of the crises you encounter in the game are likely to be military in character, more than 50% of the facilities you buy to deal with them will be military. As a result, 98% of the time you will find yourself trying to solve a crisis in education, transportation or health by buying guns, tanks or missiles. With the cards stacked that way against you (as they are!) whether you take the role of President or Congress, your chances of arriving at the goal of national security are practically nil.

Come to think of it, it's a lousy game!—Fred Darwin.

Hot seat

"Household and miscellaneous for sale: Pram, playpen, high chair (converts to electric toaster)." —*Royal Gazette* (Bermuda).

Nothing like a strict upbringing.

Commuter baiting

"The train from York due at 11.14 was very late—and crowded." —*Northern Daily Mail* (Manchester).
Now they're boasting.

Coffee-colored conflict

Homespun philosophy has always been a feature of popular song, but until the age of pop it used to be confined to relatively domestic topics like love and the unpredictable ways of women. The coming of pop has changed all this. Today the songwriters feel themselves committed to grand causes such as pacifism and racial tolerance, and the ultra high-frequency wavebands vibrate to ill-considered "message" ditties, the more deplorable for being so catchy.

Lately a group called the Blue Mink have been regaling Top Twenty listeners with a prospect described as "a beautiful dream" in which, through the intervention of some wondrous machine, racial differences have been obliterated and the world is being populated with "coffee-colored people by the score". The conclusion is that peace and brotherhood would then reign on earth.

Set to tuneful music, this is a seductive idea, but unfortunately entirely without foundation. As the merest reflection should make clear, people still quarrel when they belong to the same race, the same country, or even the same family. Indeed there has always been far more strife and killing in inter-nequine conflicts between peoples of the same color, like the Germans, the French, the British, the Dutch, and the Spaniards, than between nations of different color.

A world of coffee-colored people would have no less disposition to fall out, merely less variety of excuse for doing so.

Contusion confusion

"Fearing a fracture of the jaw, the doctor had to stitch up his left eyelid." —*Ouest-France*.

The indirect approach.



General confusion

Four years ago when Calypso Joe, a former dancer and nightclub operator, donned a converted customs inspector's uniform and started calling himself **General Hershey Bar** he was confronted with a little outrage, but mostly indifference. Today he's greeted with recognition and delight almost everywhere he goes. He's never been on television but he undoubtedly inspired the famous General played by Dick Rowan on *Laugh In*. He's had little publicity but most people in the mushrooming antiwar movement have heard about him. He's not often credited but his one-liners—"Draft Beer, Not Students", "Make Love, Not War" and "Kiss Don't Kill"—have been quoted and reprinted endlessly all over the world.

In fact he's a classic example of a performer who had to wait for his audience to catch up with him. For Calypso Joe is definitely a performer (he even has an agent), the difference being that his stage is the world around him. In the age-old tradition of street theater he'll go into his routine wherever there are people to watch and listen—in theater lobbies, at concerts, in supermarket parking lots, at parties, among political rallies, outside draft boards.

His appearance helps a lot—plastic jet bombers screaming skywards from his military hat and a uniform jacket plastered with old suspenders, rows of home-made medals and impressive insignia. He often carries a tennis racket ("war is a racket") and a bundle of newspapers bearing such headlines as: IF YOU DON'T LOVE WAR, LEAVE IT! or DRAFT BOARD ARRESTED FOR KIDNAPPING BOYS! or BRING GIs HOME TO VISIT BOB HOPE!

Most of his activities have been in the Southern California area which, despite its high proportion of hawks, seems to have accepted Joe as a fact of life. He's never been attacked. "When I talk I always look individuals straight in the eye", he explains. "You can get a lot of serious ideas across by making people laugh. When you ridicule the stupidity, the insolence of men in high office and their programs, then people begin to see things in their true light. I do wild things because I feel that war is so mad that sometimes you have to fight madness with madness."

Born 63 years ago at some place he won't reveal ("my mother was with me at the time") Joe played a lot of clubs as a calypso dancer, managed his own place in Honolulu and moved to Los Angeles in the 1950's. In 1964 he was turning out low-budget antiwar movies when he got the idea to become a "general" fulltime. Since then the growing antiwar



General Hershey Bar: serious ideas

sentiment combined with an increasing mistrust of the Pentagon has made his act almost fashionable. He lives on donations and proceeds from the sale of a couple of whacky collage books of headlines.

As General Hershey Bar he was soon joined by a similarly dressed friend calling himself General Waste-More-Land and they occasionally tour around together handing out "non-draft cards" ("burn new card upon receipt of old") and devising such gimmicks as The Trot & Canter Poll ("being slower than the Gallup, it tends to be more accurate") and misleading slogans ("U.S. Health Department says war is unfit for human consumption").

Currently he's awaiting delivery of a new recruiting poster: "Murderers, don't be foolish and kill at home! Why risk a lifetime in jail, gas chamber or electric chair. Join the armed forces, train now, legally for murder with pay. You will be furnished the best in guns, bombs and gases, no charge, so you can charge and kill till you become a hero—kill till you become a zero."

Von Newman's magic method

Once a handful of adventurous psychotherapists had introduced nude therapy seminars to the relaxed California scene it was inevitable that group sexual activities would eventually achieve respectability in some form. Now

the world has been introduced to **Professor Von Newman's Magic Method** which, after a few months of trial among various Encounter-type groups, has been published by Los Angeles' prestigious Elysium Foundation.

Although sex is certainly not an inevitable concomitant of the Method—in fact using it "for selfish purposes such as seduction" is specifically proscribed—it acts as an acceptable bridge for nudists who want to touch, not just look, without the vulgarity of a group grope. A Von Newman session is about the nearest approach to an orgy that you could get without running foul of any legal restrictions.

Attributed to "Professor Heinrich Franz Von Newman" who ostensibly died of tropical fever while recording native rituals in the Trobriand Islands in 1892, the tongue-in-cheek book was actually written by 45-year-old **Stan Russell**, former filmmaker who dropped out to become a guru with a certain following in northern California, where he lives, and at Los Angeles' Elysian Fields (a nudist ranch in Topanga) where he has given numerous lectures.

Since he conducted his first Von Newman seminar some months ago it has been adopted and practised seriously by many of the accredited social-awareness groups in which California abounds. "The more we touch each other in a gentle considerate way, the better we feel about ourselves and the rest of mankind," the author writes. And he concludes with the undeniable thesis: "The girl who greets her mate at the door with a peacock feather in one hand and a bottle of hand lotion in the other will find her relationship unusually harmonious and stable."—**John Wilcock**.



The way to a man's heart

A new book called *The Sensuous Woman* (Lyle Stuart, \$6), written under the pseudonym "J", purports to be "the first how-to book for the female who yearns to be ALL woman". The book contains the following recipe, entitled "The Whipped Cream Wiggle":

"If you have a sweet tooth, this is the one for you. Take some freshly whipped cream, to which you have added a dash of vanilla and a couple of teaspoons of powdered sugar and spread the concoction evenly on the penis so

that the whole area is covered with a quarter-inch layer of cream. As a finishing touch, sprinkle on a little shredded coconut and/or chocolate." *Spread the concoction evenly on the what?!* "Then lap it all up with your tongue. He'll wriggle with delight and you'll have the fun of an extra dessert. If you have a weight problem, use one of the many artificial whipped creams now on the market (available in boxes, plastic containers and aerosol cans) and forego the coconut and chocolate".

However frivolous the recipe may seem, the book has significance, not as a bombshell in the sexual revolution, but as a sign of its consolidation. When anything reaches that degree of banality, it is solidly established. "J" can rattle off advice like "Do try to wear shoes that don't hurt. It improves your disposition so," along with instructions like, "If you don't have enough lubrication to slide the penis in and out of your mouth easily, re-wet it a few times with your tongue".

The sexual revolution that "J" represents is not merely the presumed increase in fornication and the greater freedom in discussing it. Her revolution is woman's own—though surely of concern to men. It is to do with the female orgasm, a matter that has long produced the most wildly conflicting reports. The new line is that a properly prepared woman can have one orgasm after another—real ones—without known limit. The revolution begins when women realize that sex can be far more fun for them than for men, a reversal of a long tradition, and an obvious suggestion that a girl had better take things into her own hands.

"J" claims to be an ordinary woman—God knows she writes like one—plain-looking and unsuccessful in love, until she devised a rigorous training program that converted her into "a modern Aphrodite, maddeningly exciting, the epitome of the Sensuous Woman". She boasts that "some of the most interesting men in America have fallen in love with me. I have received marriage proposals from such diverse personalities as . . ." and off she goes. (I curse the day men became "personalities".)

The heart of her method turns out to be masturbation. "You must train like an athlete for the act of love", she warns, and then advises, "Set aside several hours a week for masturbation so your new response pattern will become a stable one". So I guess it's on with the vibrator for the girls who would serve in the temple of Aphrodite. The vibrator, incidentally, is not an original notion of "J". One wonders, indeed, if it

doesn't bid fair to become Aphrodite's new symbol.

The Sensuous Woman is a vulgar book. Not vulgar because it is coarse or earthy or plain spoken. It is vulgar the way the women's magazines are vulgar—shallow, brash, and witless. It would be a total horror if it were confined to telling women how to get their kicks. But it is saved—at least from our standpoint as men—



Douglas & Dunaway (*The Arrangement*): false values

by what I take to be female shrewdness, but may be true womanliness. Early on the disciple, as soon as she is fit to enter the temple, is turned outward. "J" begins to advise her on how to turn men on (hence the recipe). The disciple is told: "We were designed to delight, excite and satisfy the male of the species". More than half the book is devoted to the arts of exciting men. This is represented as shrewdness. It appears to add up to a kind of calculated Golden Rule of "J", though not in her words: "Do unto him and he will do better unto you".

Recommended reading

Prettybelle: a Lively Tale of Rape & Resurrection/Jean Arnold (Dial, \$4.95). A flower of Southern womanhood goes on a bash when her racist sheriff husband dies and finds herself the center of a rape case.

Here/Maryann Forrest (Coward-McCann, \$5.95). Colony of tourists on idyllic Mediterranean island become victims of a bloody pagan religious aberration of the natives. *La Bambalona*/Alba de Cespedes (Simon & Schuster, \$6.50). Supercharged sex on Lolita-type theme.

The Anderson Tapes/Lawrence Sanders (Putnam, \$5.95). Likely bestseller told through supposed tapes of bugged conversations about plan to rob all the tenants of an apartment house. —Norman Hoss.



The celluloid dream machine

An eccentric movie buff of my acquaintance makes a weekly pilgrimage to 42nd Street. Walking the block from Broadway to 8th Avenue, he waits feverishly week after week for Ruby Keeler to come tap-dancing again down that legendary pavement, once the gaudy heart of theatrical Manhattan. You see, that is exactly what she did in Busby Berkeley's deep-30s musical extravaganza *42nd Street*.

The film has become a cinematic landmark for legions of frivolous buffs. In fact, Berkeley's musicals, distinguished by a curious mania for duplication ad nauseam (a thousand peroxide cuties were always turning up at the weirdest angles with fluorescent violins or bows and arrows), epitomize the heyday of Hollywood fantasy.

My acquaintance, the character in search of Ruby Keeler, is really not such a rare specimen.

One way or another movies have been the greatest single social influence on the American middle class. Hollywood, with the synthetic glitter of a thousand fluorescent violins, created images that still constitute the basis of The American Dream: material longing.

It was logical that the movie industry should in the '20s and '30s become the inspiration of middle-class dreams. The '20s brought a new kind of prosperity and the growing pains that went with it. What do people with money do? How do they spend it when they have all the necessities of life? How do they live? Where do they go? One place to find out was at the movies. What did it matter if the men making those movies were one jump away from their nickelodeons?

The boatloads of immigrants dropped almost daily on Ellis Island bolstered their dreams of gold at the movies—particularly silent movies where language was no barrier. Movie stars soon held more social sway over the American public than did Presidents' wives or socialites. When Clark Gable removed his shirt in *It Happened One Night* to reveal only a bare chest, the sale of undershirts fell off drastically throughout the country.

It was more than furniture and fashion, more than the "Garbo bob" or "Harlow blonde" that the people gleaned from Hollywood. Its product worked subtly on the national mind. The courtship of

the gods and Arthurian legend became secondary to Romance, Hollywood style. (Not that love play between the sexes became any more realistic in its film incarnations, but that was as it should be. The American way of love has never been notably realistic in the bedroom either.) All that moonlight, all that champagne, all that witty chatter on chintz-covered divans, all that

biographical" view of a man recoiling in the wake of middle-class achievement. Kazan makes his anti-hero lash out at the false values of society—just the values that Hollywood itself helped seal into the national consciousness. Considering the traditional Hollywood product that Kazan has manufactured, it is like a jealous mother defacing her look-alike child.—James Kotsilibas-Davis



Coco & Marica Rodd (*Last of the Red Hot Lovers*): age of pygmies

feeble clap-trap that generations of man have believed, sought, and never achieved. How much have Hollywood's romantic illusions contributed to the national dissolution of marital love?

This was the inherent danger of Hollywood's ability to make fantasy real and reality fantastic. During the Depression, escapist musicals were understandably popular, but so were gangster films. For a decade they replaced the almighty Western as popular cinematic folklore. Realism? Not a touch. You can be sure, however, that a whole decade of petty thieves and racketeers learned it at the movies. Few films depicted the reality of the Depression in the '30s. Movies like *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Dead End* were rare. Hollywood was never a reflection of the times: it was molding them.

Ironically, in our day of independent movie-makers, the exciting motion pictures *have* become a reflection of the times, a narcissistic rendering of political and emotional grievances. Artistic freedom seems to beget a kind of social awareness, presenting the more complex facts of contemporary life. The old kind of movie is still made, of course, but it doesn't carry much sociological weight anymore. The days of a whole generation of housewives emulating Kay Francis have disappeared with mahjongg and Prohibition.

It all comes full circle, somehow, with a movie like *The Arrangement*, Elia Kazan's recent "auto-



The harder they fall

The two big smash hits of the New York season are full of holes. Dare I suggest that there is less than majesty surrounding *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers* starring James Coco, and *Coco* starring Katherine Hepburn? Yes, I dare: it could well be the other way around. Plump James Coco playing Coco Chanel in drag, and gaunt Katherine Hepburn playing the lover that never quite ignites. These two plays are selling out and making all the Broadway money, and everyone has gasped with relief that the big street can command a few winners after all. Nobody has bothered to say what most people of common sense really know: that basically *Coco* with Miss Hepburn is a pretty sad musical comedy, while *Coco* with a James is balderdash—his fat, sad little way through an evening of gags and boff lines and, funny as they may be and all the high-class critics to the contrary, Neil Simon is still writing the best one-liners in the business. But somehow the real people get lost beneath his barrage of funnies.

A star vehicle, *Coco* is sometimes entertaining, never completely satisfying, and occasionally downright disturbing.

Miss Hepburn growls her songs with gravelly gusto, speaks each word as if it were a pronouncement from on high, and even dances with a mildly juvenile verve which belies her own as well as Mme. Chanel's age. The costumes are, as they should be, striking affairs with a lovely number at the end with models all in red charging up and down on the stage.

But surely Coco Chanel is more interesting than this brief part of her life when she was about to stage a comeback? What a weak peg to hang a lush musical on! The book is a muddled, ill-conceived job yet, weak as it is, the plot nonetheless overwhelms the songs—admittedly the most forgettable score I have ever run into. The music is not bad, not atrocious, merely vacuous, and though there are occasional flashes of wit in the lyrics, they are drowned in the general tedium of the effort. It is a lame book supporting a halt score.

A sub-plot concerns a personal side of Coco, in which she has latched on to this pretty young girl from the provinces and has made of her, we are told, a daughter-substitute. But when the sweet young thing decides to leave her mamma-substitute to elope with her paramour, we are exposed to an ugly moment or two as Coco struggles with inner feelings that do not appear to be absolutely maternal. Perhaps this episode was included to comply with the truth in packaging laws now prevalent.

Miss Hepburn is a new type grande dame for Broadway and well worth paying money to see in action. But don't spend an inflated nickel on the show itself.

As in life, there are no absolutes in the theater. Neil Simon has once again written a very funny play based on an hilarious premise but he fails to make his humor come from his people, where it would endure, but rather from their circumstances, which depend on gags with guts to make it all work.

This is the story of a fat fish-restaurant owner in his late forties who uses his absent mother's apartment exactly three times during his 23 years of marriage to try to have an extra-marital affair. He fails with all of the women, each of whom has one act devoted to her alone so as not to complicate relationships. Each woman is whacked out enough to substantiate the middle-class notion that normal women do not, even occasionally, show up at three o'clock in the afternoon to make out with married men.

James Coco plays the would-be lover with a sincere dogged life-defying demeanor, but we see only this one side of him, this



Rolling Stones' Jagger: no street fightin' man

unhappy-with-my-lot-in-life side and it's hardly enough for us to identify with him.

These are the blockbusters. I contend that in a healthier day when George Kaufman was writing and George Jean Nathan was reviewing, there would be less opportunity for all this sick delusion to cover the once gigantic theatre industry. We are in an age of pygmies, and until we regroup our own sense of what is good and what is meagre, the theatre will continue to please by default and to satisfy by surrender.—**Sandy Lesberg.**



Pop propaganda

Beguiling as the thought of revolutionary art is to those who would radically change Western society, the truth is that art more often reflects political and social realities than molds them. Especially when the art in question is a "popular" form, tied, as records are, to a corporation-dominated distribution system, the possibility of its affecting much of anything is remote. Yet rock is

always being blamed for everything from moral to aural decay.

The truth—that rock of all the popular artforms most accurately reflects reality—is simpler, though if you wish to see young people as basically docile and compliant but evilly manipulated by record company executives, perhaps more frightening. With at least one out of every five young Americans turning on, it would be shocking if pop music didn't carry references to drugs. And Kinsey preceded Elvis by a decade. Even pop songs that have become anthems of the new lifestyle among kids have taken their meaning from events, rather than the other way around. *For What it's Worth*, the Buffalo Springfield's anti-authoritarian lament which was a mild hit several years ago, only impressed itself on young political types during last year's battle for People's Park in San Francisco. Even the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction* and Bob Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues*, perhaps the two best political rock songs of the decade, are more notable as statements about where things are at than as programs for change.

The Beatles have never strayed far from standard left-lib positions politically, and musically they are far less daring rock performers than many of their contemporaries (Hendrix, Dylan, Sly and the Family Stone, Mothers, etc.). The Rolling Stones and the Jefferson Airplane are clearly the important groups politically as well as musically, and in contrasting ways. They have also both conveniently bowed with new albums.

The Stones and the Airplane are two of the best rock bands in the world and certainly the two that mean the most to the loose-knit collection of peace, civil rights and ecology reformers, radicals and revolutionaries known as "the movement". The Stones, for example, have never claimed to be radicals—their politics are unimaginably confused, and *Street Fighting Man*, treated by much of the movement as a call to revolution, is really an apology for the fact that "there ain't no place for a street fightin' man". The Stones' strength derives from the fact that they are working-class kids, street urchins, who have never (and in this they are unlike the Beatles), copped out from identification with the folks on the bottom—in their case, kids and the working class. They are tough, raunchy, incorruptible; and that is why they are loved by the movement and feared by those in power.

The Airplane, on the other hand, have always seen themselves as leaders of a cultural revolution. Their early identification was with

the "love politics" of Haight-Ashbury's hippie community, but they have since become increasingly political in a more traditional sense. On their latest album, *Volunteers*, the title of which refers to volunteering to fight the revolution, they sing

We are all outlaws in the eyes of America

In order to survive we steal cheat lie forge fuck hide and deal

We are obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young. ("We Can Be Together", words and music by Paul Kantner, Icebag Corp.)

On the other hand, the Stones, on their latest *Let It Bleed*, rap out lines that wouldn't sound uncomfortable coming from Nixon: "You Can't Always Get What You Want . . . but if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need." The Stones, however, sound like revolutionaries and the Airplane don't.

As music, both these albums are superb. The bands are tight and both feature some of the finest talent in the business. The Airplane's songwriting is their best ever, guitarist Jorma Kaukonen and bassist Jack Casady are hot, and the record benefits from guest shots by the likes of Steve Stills, Nicky Hopkins and Jerry Garcia. The Stones' guests include Hopkins and keyboardist Al Kooper. Jagger and Richards are great, and they add a country sound to their basic blues-rock with much success.

Either way though, the importance of both groups may rest in what they indicate about the needs, desires, goals, and opinions of people under 30, especially those who have chosen activist roles. The fact that the Stones, of all groups, should have the final word of the '60s, with *Let It Bleed* and the big fall single *Honky Tonk Women*, means that the decade has produced an enormous number of kids (people under 30) who identify with their gutsy anti-establishment sound. And the fact that the Airplane, with its overt plea for revolutionary confrontation, should now be indisputably the dominant American group, means that the ideas they espouse cannot (at the least) be repugnant to their legion fans.—**Guthrie Bester.**

Penthouse picks

Lightnin' Hopkins/Poppy Records PYS60, 002 (2 records)
B. B. King/*Completely Well*/Bluesway Records BLS-6037
Mabel Mercer & Bobby Short/*Second Town Hall Concert*/Atlantic SD2-605 (2 records)
Eric Andersen/*Eric Andersen*/Warners 1806
The Doors/*Morrison Hotel*/Elektra EKS 75007.

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Robert Christgau turns the hand-held camera on its most successful exponent: Leacock-Pennebaker.

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Dede Allen: the force on the cutting room floor.
How America's top film editor (*Rachel, Rachel*; *Bonnie and Clyde*; *Alice's Restaurant*) separates the good from the ordinary with a scissors.

The man who loves Lana.
A thirty-year-old art director tells why he keeps 20,000 pictures of Lana Turner in his basement.

Shelley Plimpton: a girl for this season.
Scene-stealer in three hip hits—*Hair*, *Putney Swope* and *Alice's Restaurant*—Shelley is now starring in Jim McBride's story of the last two hippies alive.



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There's no excuse
for murder, nor for
institutional failure
to identify and forestall
pressures that
promote murder

THE WHY OF MY LAI

by William R. Corson
(author of *The Betrayal*)

The background of the page is an abstract composition of thick, wavy, horizontal bands of red and white. The red bands are irregular in width and shape, creating a sense of movement and depth. The white bands fill the spaces between the red ones. The overall effect is reminiscent of a stylized landscape or perhaps a close-up of a textured surface like paper or fabric.

The Song My or My Lai massacre bids fair to become the prime catalyst in an official and unofficial consideration of the real meaning of America's combat involvement in Vietnam. Such consideration is long overdue, not only because the Vietnam war was and is different from other revolutionary conflicts, but also because the effects of its schizophrenic-inducing pressures on those who fought the war must be understood if future Vietnams and similar human catastrophes are to be avoided. Even though most Americans are fed up with talk about the Vietnam war, it is going to be well-nigh impossible for anyone to ignore what happened at My Lai because there, by the luck of the draw, goes any American. However, consideration of the alleged My Lai massacre is made doubly difficult because it is both symbolic as well as real. Symbolic because the apparent wanton murder of women and children at My Lai for no clear-cut military advantage may be but a reflection of the ever-increasing frustrations, fears, and doubts of liberals and conservatives alike about the present as well as the future. Real because the massacre, if it did happen, cannot be sanctioned or condoned on any symbolic grounds and must be treated and punished as an illegal act. The attempt here is neither to resolve the broad social issues raised by the alleged massacre, nor the facts at law in the trials of the accused, but to point out how the moral dilemmas involved in the war and some of the schizophrenic

effects of these dilemmas on the American fighting man are largely of our own choosing. What led to My Lai was foreseeable, therefore avoidable.

Unlike the political antecedents of the war—which seem almost infinite—the background to My Lai began in the 1964 American Presidential campaign when Lyndon Johnson announced he would never send “American boys to do what Asian boys are supposed to do”. Johnson’s campaign assertion, derived from the Biblical injunction, “The Lord helps he who helps himself”, was morally and emotionally acceptable to the American electorate. Also, it did not specifically exclude help for those whose capacity for self-help was inadequate. However, in 1965 President Johnson decided to commit U.S. combat troops in Vietnam, and implicit in this decision was the assumption that the Vietnamese had and would continue to help themselves. The assumption was wrong. The detailed writings in the pre-1965 period of men like David Halberstam and Robert Shaplen were ignored.

Johnson’s choice was based on the belief that one’s allies are the good or “moral” side in a conflict. As the war has continued, American forces have found little distinction between the South Vietnamese, the Vietcong, or the North Vietnamese, though they learned to respect the fighting qualities of their indicated enemies. Thus, once the supposedly superior moral position of America’s South Vietnamese allies was revealed to be spurious, like their resolve to help themselves, the way was paved for the American fighting man to literally hate the object of his and his comrades’ self-sacrifice.

Since late 1966 each soldier arriving in Vietnam is given a small white card that he is supposed to study and carry with him at all times. It states, among other things: “Mistreatment of *any captive* [italics added] is a criminal offense. Every soldier is personally responsible for the enemy in his hands”. Both of these injunctions appear reasonable, but in Vietnamese conditions they soon pose a dilemma with which the American soldier’s basic and advanced training, as well as troop indoctrination, has not equipped him to cope. Lacking the capacity to distinguish between “any captive” and the “enemy” in their hands, the soldiers are forced to assume any captive they take is an enemy.

Nor is the dilemma resolved by the white card’s other wisdom which says: “All persons in your hands, whether suspects, civilians, or combat captives, must be protected against violence, insults, curiosity, and reprisals of any kind. Leave punishment to the courts and the judges. The soldier shows his strength by his fairness and humanity to the persons in his hands”. This statement also appears reasonable: but U.S.

policy requiring that all captives be turned over to South Vietnamese authorities has the effect of precluding the soldier or his commander from protecting the captive. The paradox is simply stated: the individual U.S. fighting man soon comes to know that in Vietnam there are no “courts and judges” and that the turning over of captured Vietnamese regardless of their suspected degree of involvement with the Vietcong is akin to giving up a southern black man charged with raping a white woman in Mississippi to the justice of the Ku Klux Klan.

In addition there is a legal question for Americans: are U.S. military personnel legally accountable for giving up captives to South Vietnamese authorities when they know, or have good reason to believe, such action will produce drumhead justice, torture, and even executions of persons who may be unable to convince their inquisitors of their loyalty to the GVN?

There is another side to these realities of Vietnamese warfare. American military personnel often turn captives over to the South Vietnamese because U.S. regulations forbid the use of “hard”, i.e., physical methods of interrogation. The South Vietnamese are only too willing to use such methods to gain information, not only because the captive may have the information, but because to fail to gain information from a captive—especially where there is little or no doubt of his involvement with the Vietcong—is to cause them to lose face. Unfortunately, in the course of saving South Vietnamese authorities’ face many innocent persons have lost their lives. As a consequence, it is not uncommon for Vietnamese captives to agree to confess to literally anything if the Americans will refrain from turning them over to the South Vietnamese. Since, however, the Americans mustn’t keep and protect captive Vietnamese, official policy creates one more moral dilemma.

To the U.S. fighting man the rules seem to define an impossible environment where you are damned if you do and damned if you don’t. In such a situation his reaction has been characterized by avoidance of consideration of the consequences of his actions, and hostility towards the persons he often condemns to death. This question of hostility toward *all* Vietnamese is the heart of the matter of why My Lai happened.

It is in the nature of a guerrilla war, where there are no fixed lines, when most of the time the enemy does not wear uniforms, and when he employs terror as a routine instrument of warfare, that there are many gray areas. There are, in spite of the white card’s wisdom, no agreed “Rules of Land Warfare” in such a situation. But if the U.S. fighting

man is to avoid moral dilemmas associated with the brutality of warfare, he must have a thorough knowledge of the purposes of the United States and of the methods used by other democratic nations in similar conditions. Here, unfortunately, the military establishment has failed to do the job. Part of the failure is due to the lack of a consistent, believable, and saleable statement of why the U.S. is in Vietnam.

However, the military establishment can’t be blamed for the successive different statements of mission delivered by Secretaries Rusk and McNamara as well as those of President Johnson and his coterie of advisers which have had the smell of TV deodorant commercials. The name of the game shifted from President Johnson’s successive pleas to save South Vietnam (a defensive military action), to “Put a coonskin on the wall” (an offensive military action), to winning the “hearts and minds” of the Vietnamese (a complex political, social, economic, and military process). It is no wonder that the individual serviceman’s training for service in Vietnam has been haphazard. Under changing rules, what’s a soldier to do, and how should he be trained to respond to a boy or a woman (who perhaps on the day before accepted his personal charity) found setting up mines and booby traps?

Difficult though it may be, unfair though it may appear, the U.S. fighting man must be prepared to ignore the people’s ingratitude for his and his comrades’ sacrifice, even though their ingratitude is manifested by help to the guerilla forces. This idea is a trainable proposition, but it requires strong personal leadership with the patience to respond to events rather than an overwhelming urge to alter the events. For example, the individual soldier must be trained to understand that although he ignores or lets the woman and boy who are laying mines and booby traps get away, they are not his enemy. This remains true even though he may, as did the troops at My Lai, feel anger toward civilians because he has recently seen a buddy blown to pieces by a booby trap, or fear because he might meet the same fate. To do otherwise is morally wrong and militarily illogical because to kill civilians even with proximate cause is to merely perpetuate the war he seeks to end.

Failure to perceive, understand, and act on this simple truth is the tragedy of the U.S. combat involvement in Vietnam, with My Lai a visible end-product. Because the U.S. military practised murder by degrees against the Vietnamese people in hundreds of villages and hamlets through indiscriminate aerial and artillery bombardment, it should not come as a surprise that the man with a rifle at My Lai was unable to distinguish between the obvious im-

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● My Lai and racism: 'The U.S. fighting man's hostility towards the Vietnamese is fed by a false conception of racial superiority' ●

morality of his actions and their lack of military necessity or justification.

Besides all these factors (the faulty or changing premises concerning the U.S.'s combat involvement, the lack of relevant training, the examples of Vietcong and South Vietnamese brutality toward each other's supporters as well as their own, and the indiscriminate use of air and artillery in the so-called "free fire zone") the U.S. fighting man's hostility or hatred of the Vietnamese people is also fed unfortunately by a false conception of racial superiority. The idea of racial superiority to cause a soldier to "hate" his enemy is not unique to Vietnam. It was used effectively in both World War II and the Korean war. But in Vietnam, where the battlefield has been consistently cluttered with innocent people, literally trying to get out of the way of the opposing combat forces, an abstract hatred of the enemy has been self-defeating. To be sure, there has been no official policy similar to that in World War II, when U.S. troops were encouraged to think in terms of "kill the dirty Jap!" Nonetheless, almost all American troops in Vietnam, both black and white, commonly refer to the Vietnamese people as "Slopes",

"Dinks", "Gooks", etc. The use of these terms have their antecedents in previous wars, but more importantly in American society's experience where terms such as "Nigger", "Wop", "Polack", "Kike", etc., reassure the egos of those who use them and promote racism. We have seen the results of racism in the ghetto riots, and now with the evidence of My Lai we have seen a similar result abroad, albeit on a much more grotesque scale.

Aside from My Lai, the American white-black backlash against the Vietnamese people has been a consistent phenomenon throughout the war. Notwithstanding the highly publicized acts of organizational and personal charity, such as the building of an orphanage by troops during their off-duty hours, the total American military presence in Vietnam has steadily brutalized the Vietnamese people and in turn the American serviceman. For every act of humanity by Americans there have been thousands of incidents ranging from taunts to rape which have proved to the Vietnamese we are not what we seem or even think ourselves to be.

Two features of the My Lai case make the point. One is found in the difference between the words chosen to charge

Lieutenant Calley for his actions at My Lai, and those for one of his squad leaders, Staff Sergeant David Mitchell. Calley was charged with the murder of "Oriental human beings", whereas Sgt. Mitchell was charged with assault and intent to murder "Vietnamese nationals". The difference in describing essentially the same act is no idle semantic quibble, but rather a "Freudian slip". Calley was charged, before Mitchell, at a time when the initial public and congressional uproar over My Lai was such that any attempt by the Army to avoid sympathy for the victims at My Lai would have been politically disadvantageous. However, after it was recognized that the Army itself might be subject to criticism for what occurred—and the Louis Harris public opinion poll showed that most Americans believe (66 against 15 percent) that soldiers concerned in the alleged massacre of women and children should not be court-martialed but "should be let off if they prove they did the killings under orders"—the less sympathetic term of "Vietnamese nationals" was employed.

The underlying issue is, of course, how an institution, the Army, perceived its own interests to be in opposition to those of the Vietnamese people. To be sure, the court-martials will occur, but will the Army in proving its case against those charged seek to disavow responsibility for the actions of a "pitiful few"? This is the underlying meaning of the change in wording; when an institution's reputation is at stake, our commitment to the Vietnamese people as human beings rather than as pawns in a political power play is shown to be illusory. One might suggest that to refer to the dead women and children as "Vietnamese nationals" rather than human beings is as much an example of America's institutional racism as the use of the terms "Slopes and Dinks" by the troops in Vietnam is of their personal racism.

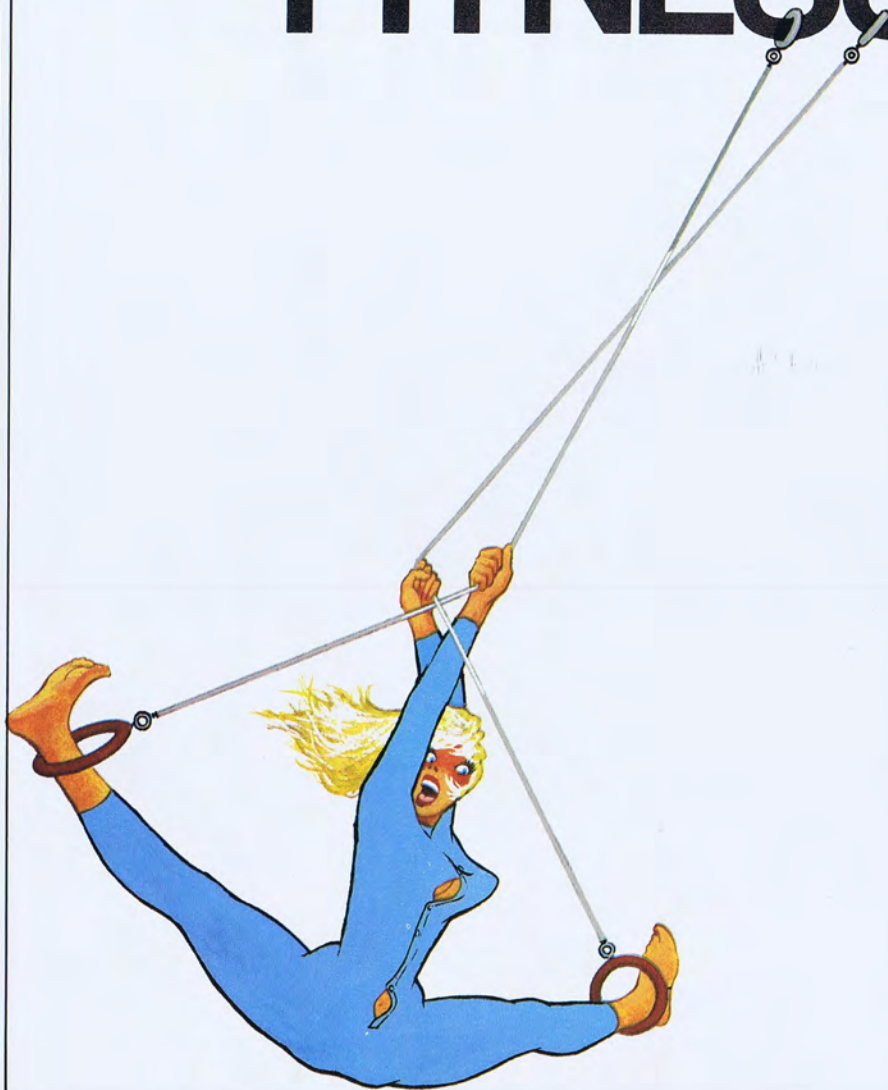
The second feature is in the belated acknowledgement by the Army that sex is also a part of the My Lai allegations. Except for one reference in *Life* magazine (December 5, 1969) there has been no hint that those involved in the alleged massacre also committed sex crimes until Sergeant Charles E. Hutto and Private Gerald A. Smith were charged with rape and indecent assault as well as murder on January 8. The Uniform Code of Military Justice describes an indecent assault as "the taking by a man of indecent, lewd or lascivious liberties with the person of a female not his wife without her consent and against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



"What really worries me is that if a decision isn't reached soon there will be crowds like this everywhere in a generation or two."

FORM & FITNESS



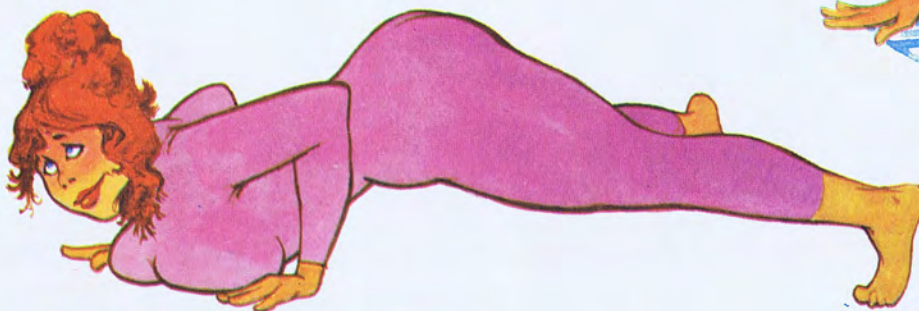
Figuring it out is a hazardous business where the shortest distance between two points has to be a curved line—especially if the idea is to make it shorter

A physiculturist's primer
By Brian Forbes

"I hear the new masseuse's straight out of a Bond movie!"



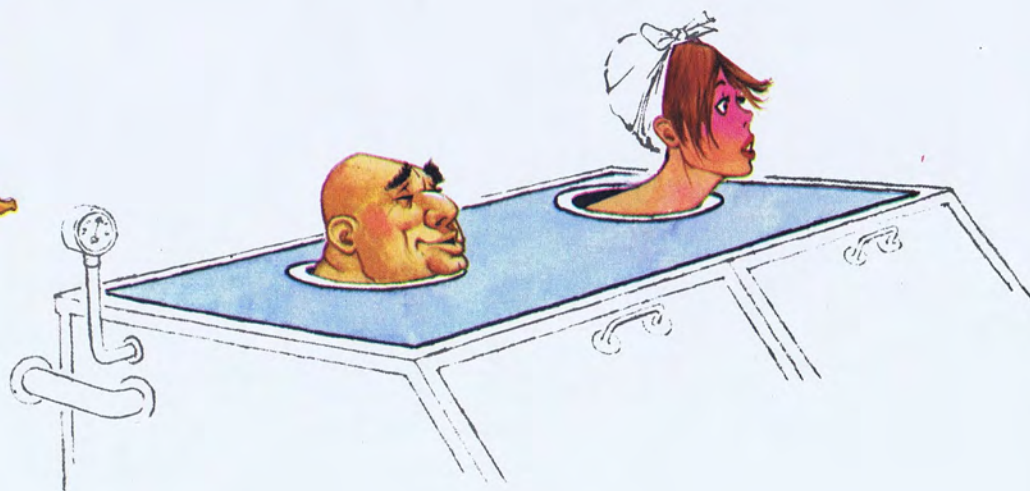
"Checking for cracked tiles, indeed!"



"And what's stopping us from getting our chins on the floor, Miss Chaffy?"



*"So pleased you heard about
our new Sauna bath, Your Grace?"*

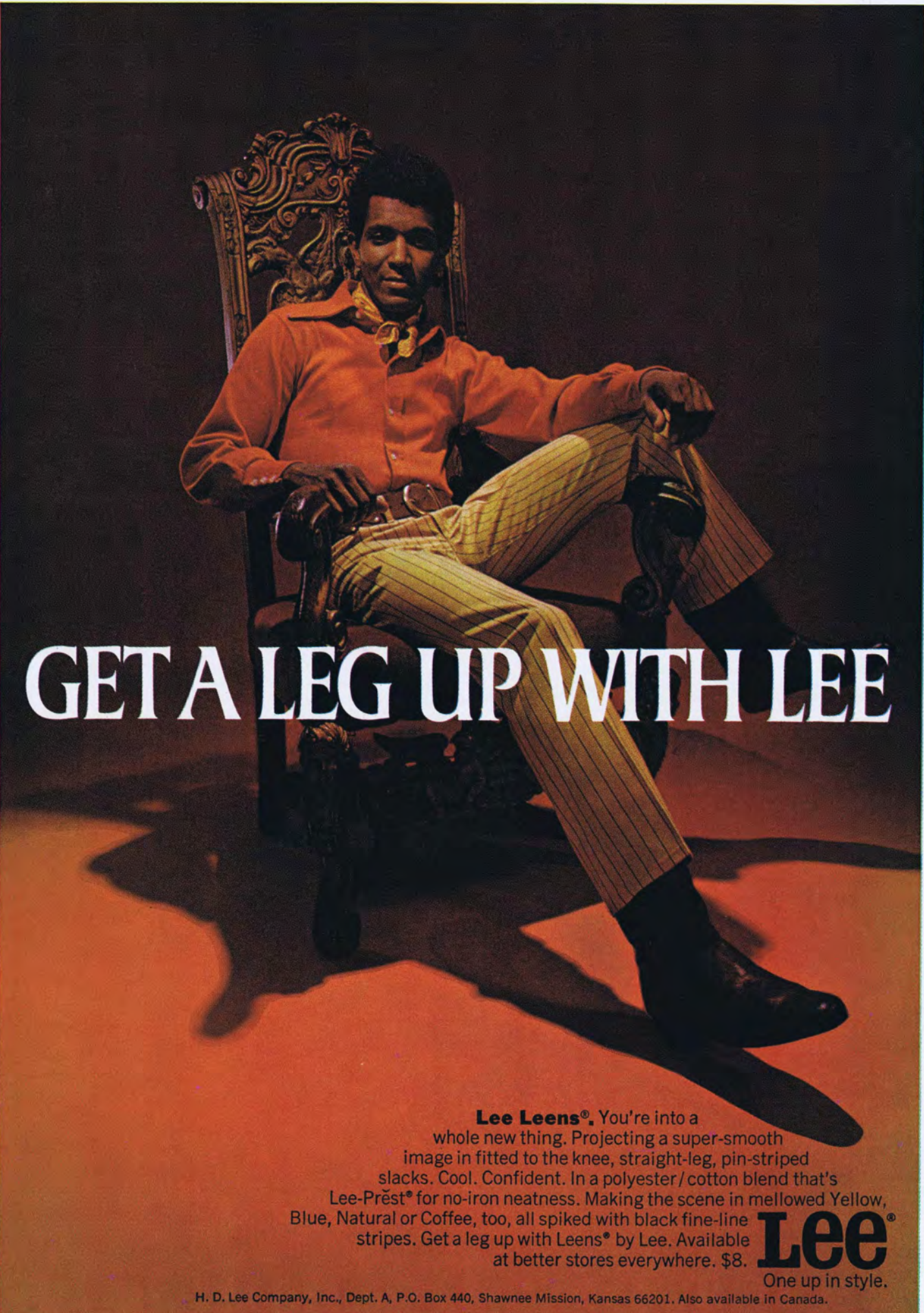


"Great idea these twin-tubs, Miss Fordyce."

"Mr. Bell will try the super deluxe course—no?"



"... then there was this burning smell from the belt of the new vibrating machine..."

A man with dark skin and short hair is sitting in a large, ornate, dark wood chair. He is wearing a bright red long-sleeved shirt and light-colored pants with thin vertical stripes. He is leaning back with his legs crossed at the ankles. The background is dark, and the floor is a light, warm color. A large shadow of the man and the chair is cast on the floor.

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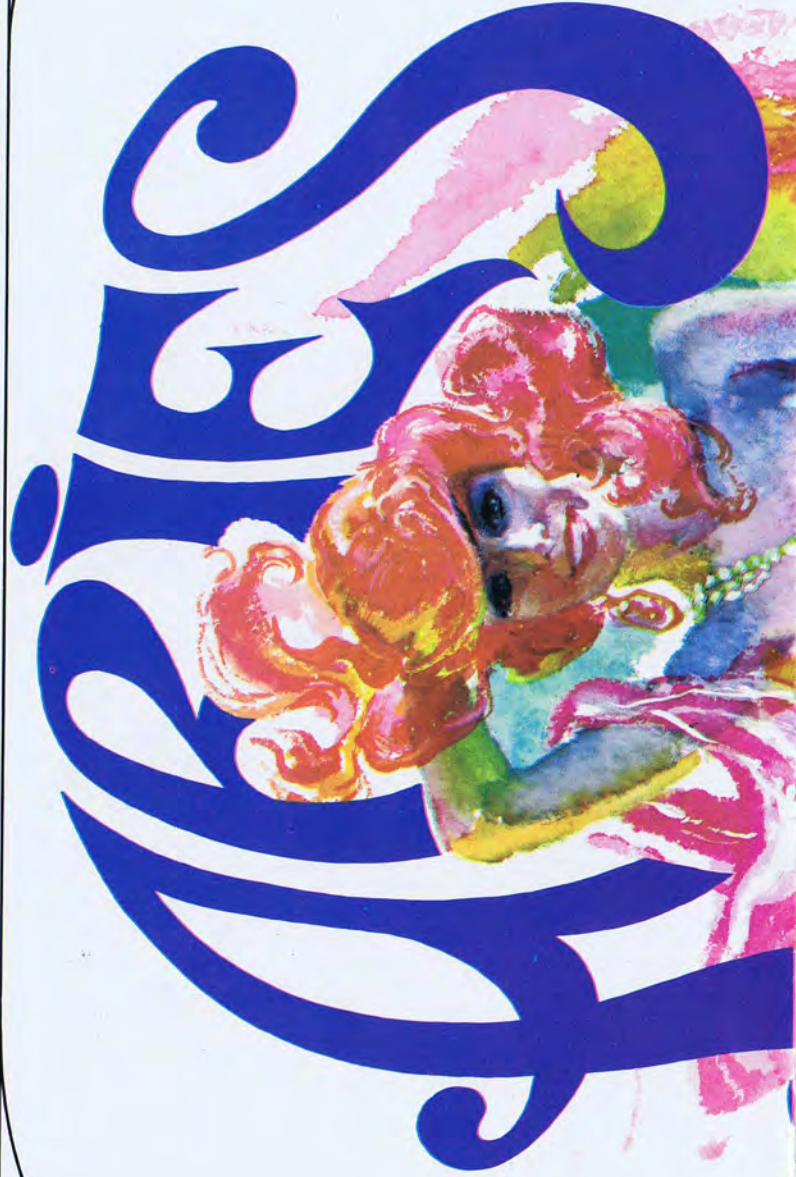
H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Dept. A, P.O. Box 440, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201. Also available in Canada.

"How to handle a woman?" queried King Arthur without a zodiac chart in sight—the poor guy never did find out. Wife, mistress, courtesan or pet, they all have a sun-sign. And you can be 80% nearer the nitty gritty if you ask them their birthday after the first hello. Next, take time out and turn up her sun-sign. It could mean the difference between "Won't you come up for a coffee" and "You've got to be joking!" Appropriately, Penthouse begins this series with the first sign of the zodiac year.

Aries the ram (March 21st through April 20th)

So you've got an Aries girl. You could need tea and sympathy or all the energy you can muster, mister. She can make out without you more than any other female you'll ever meet. But if there's any proposing to be done, she'll do it. She's strictly a "no touch" lady until she gives the word. But once you've got the "go," then make like the man you are. She only understands all-the-way. (Play it cool and she'll come on even stronger.) When you make the boudoir you won't need to comment on the drapes. She knows the agenda and it doesn't include small talk. *She'll* adjust the lights the way she likes them. *She'll* find the right music. *She'll* be ready in her time, not yours. But as the saying goes, if anything is worth anything, it is worth waiting for! And, brother, this is worth waiting for—need I say more . . . more . . . more . . .

Your Aries person is a bundle of contradictions. Get



A guide to her signs for the male with designs

First of a monthly series of
Penthouse primers by
P. G. Pomeroy Jnr.

Illustration by
Joyce Brand

ready for her wanting to be the boss (but not really). She wants a knight in shining armor but not as shiny as hers. If she says "Don't bother to call me", call her. "See you sometime", like tomorrow. "Cut that out", kiss her. "I couldn't care less about your other dates", drop them. But if she wants to flirt (and she will), let her. She wants you to think she fancies your best friend. If it comes to the crunch, she'll tell you it's all over, and then move on. Not until.

Once she has decided to do the deal with you, that's it. Up you go on the pedestal and anyone who tries to move you over gets it where it hurts. She's for ever, for real, and that means no dames and no dice. She provides all the games.

That Aries of yours is probably a model or an actress. Any career, just so long as she's best at it and that includes being a wife with six kids, a lame Labrador and two canaries. Expect gifts, someone to hate your boss with, the complete Florence Nightingale and handy-woman, but remember you'll have to come through when her time comes.

SOME FAMOUS FEMALE ARIES: Julie Christie; Joan Crawford; Bette Davis, Clare Boothe-Luce; Simone Signoret; Gloria Swanson.

BEST MEN: Leo (July 24th through August 23rd)

WORST MEN: Taurus (April 21st through May 21st)

BEST FEATURE: Face

BEST GEM: Bloodstone and diamond

LAST WORD: This lady is a ram—not a lamb.



THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Prospects and problems of motoring's most popular promotion:

a showtime survey by Burt Amber

Perhaps because the automobile became taken for granted so early in its history on this continent, motor shows have never stirred quite the same excitement on the American scene as they do in Europe. Or, rather, as they used to do in Europe. Today the motor show is sagging over there, and one of the reasons is the trend towards an American type of structure for Europe's motor industries. The attraction of a trade exhibition is the opportunity to inspect a wide variety of product under one roof, but today Germany, Britain, and Italy find themselves with only one major producer of their own apiece, plus American subsidiaries in the case of Britain (Ford, Vauxhall and Rootes) and Germany (Opel). Even the coach-builders, once profuse, have been mostly absorbed by the big combines, leaving the European scene nearly as short of independent nameplates as the U.S. Add to this the policy of European manufacturers of keeping down their

2



1



David Ash selects and describes the models most likely to unsettle car buffs at the New York spring show



1 Front view of Giugaro's Alfa Ignara at Turin reveals clean, simple lines reminiscent of Alfa's Disco Volantes. (David Phipps photo)

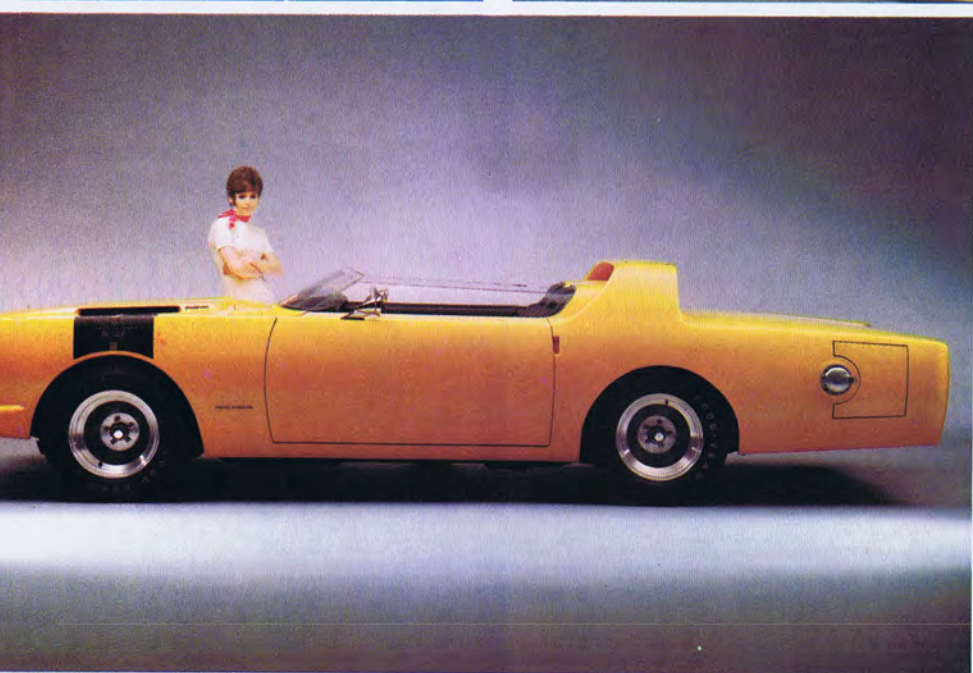
2 Fifteen years after the introduction of its sensational 300 SL (Super Light) gull-wing coupe, Mercedes-Benz socked it to the motor world with this "research" sports car powered by a three-chamber Wankel rotary engine. The specifications for power, weight and performance published for Mercedes' version of the Wankel were so sensational (330 horsepower at 5,000 RPM from a unit no bigger than the five-speed transmission it drives and equivalent to a conventional engine displacement of only 217 cubic inches!) that the world press was flabbergasted. On the show stand at Stuttgart last fall, Merc representatives stressed that this "111" was just an *engineering* car. But inasmuch as this company cannot encompass "flights of fancy" some insiders guessed that another version might not be far behind—and, indeed, that newest C-111 will materialize at the New York show.

3 Buick entries intended to "light fires" under enthusiasts are these two Opels, the GT and Aero GT (4). The highly successful closed



coupe was introduced a year ago, with choice of 61 and 115 cubic inch engines, as a medium-priced two-seat sports/personal car. Lean, mean and sexy, the GT is offered as tame transport or zappy performance machine, depending on engine displacement and tuning. The newest hardtop version, unveiled at Frankfurt, echoes unmistakably the Porsche "Targa" treatment. So far, it's a "not for sale" model, shown with light alloy wheel rims and wider tread; but if the New York reception matches that of Frankfurt, this may not last for long.

5 A motor show isn't a motor show without the glamour of a new Ferrari. This latest offering from Modena, with coachwork by Pininfarina, is based on the model 512S. One-piece front-hinged greenhouse pivots upward for entry and exit from the cockpit. Viewed from head ahead, the Can-Am (Canadian American Challenge Cup) race car influence is evident. At rear, four parallel rows of functional louvers run the full length of the deck. As so often with this kind of car, the engine compartment has thus far remained locked—much to the frustration of curious enthusiasts. (David Phipps photo)



6 Dodge has had outstanding success with limited-run versions of volume lines. An example of why is this sleek 1970 Super Charger. Evolved directly from the 200-m.p.h. Daytona Charger, the Super Charger sports a Kamm-style tail, lower profile, adjustable hood louvres, hood locking-pins and clustered instruments. Cut down windscreen emphasizes the high-speed "droop snoot" which has proved so effective on the race cars. Wider stance is set off by wide profile wheel rims and tires. Power is supplied by a huge 440 cubic-inch "Magnum" V-8.

7 Ford's new Runabout is part of a wide range of different show specials. A flashy showcar version of the Maverick, the Runabout is an open four-seater which attempts to blend contemporary design features with elements of the classical touring car. Ford designers mixed styling features so that the front of the car bears close resemblance to Trans-Am Mustangs

8 More dramatic proof that recent British auto mergers have accelerated "Yankee style" thinking is British Leyland's Zanda. First seen at the London Earl's Court show late last year,

overheads by changing their models as infrequently as possible, and you begin to wonder how much longer the noted motor shows of cities like Paris, Geneva, Turin, London and Frankfurt can manage to pull a crowd.

In this country the sheer size and the immense distances have stood in the way of the idea of a national exhibition as an annual unveiling of what's new in car business. To cover the market, even with the coming of the jet age, would need half a dozen simultaneous shows, and it was with these difficulties in mind that General Motors brightened the drab early post-war years with its travelling Motorama, launched in 1947. Mainly a corporate styling show, the Motorama got the customers talking with what many consider as far-fetched glimpses of the future. Dream Cars that were supposed to encapsulate shapes and devices still on the drawing-board. The designs were admittedly largely flights of fancy and sometimes merely mock-ups, but they certainly heralded many touches that were later marketed on production models—the first of Cadillac's Eldorados in the mid-'50s was almost a reincarnation of an earlier GM Dream Car. More important, they injected the essential dose of excitement that beckons people to the box office and stirs a desirable restlessness to own a new model.

In that era the Volkswagen was a cloud no bigger than a man's billfold on the Detroit horizon. But the now familiar story had begun. Returning veterans from occupation duties in Germany had brought back a taste for the unbreakable Beetles they'd grown to enjoy on the autobahns, and the taste proved catching. As the '50s progressed, so did the sales curve of imported cars, until Detroit hit back

with its own spate of compacts—a temporary blow from which the imports recovered when the compacts started putting on flesh. By then a youth market had emerged, and in a subtle transition the compacts, conceived as economical second cars, developed into fun cars, with sports options unlimited. Meanwhile the imported car market, though still Volkswagen-dominated, was splitting between city runabouts and catering for the race crowd and the young enthusiast.

The growth of cars for the sporty set is a phenomenon that may spell a revival for the motor show on American ground. Herb Shriner, the Indiana comic who is also an imaginative entrepreneur, spotted the way things were going as long ago as 1952, when he staged what he presciently called the New York International Motor Sports Show in the Grand Central Palace. In those days it was mainly a British and imported car display, but this Easter its offspring, the New York Automobile Show, opens its doors in New York's giant Coliseum with virtually every major car producer in the world participating at factory level. Shriner has long since sold his interests to the present owners, the Snitow organization, and under show manager Gary Martin it has expanded so spectacularly that all four exhibition floors have been sold out for nearly five months.

This success story is of course linked with the growth of car imports, for the exhibition provides a much-needed U.S. showcase for dollar-hungry European manufacturers, who lack the resources to stage expensive promotional tours of their own. But with the participation of the Detroit giants, a tactical insurance dating from the time in the late '50s when imports first

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

it's a "futuristic" offering created as much to illustrate the influence of computers on design as to show the car. Enthusiasts noted, however, that the styling exercise emanated from the corporation's Austin/Morris studios and was based on the front-wheel drive concepts of Sir Alec Issigonis. Specifications call for either steel or plastic body shell, transverse power unit of up to 120 cubic-inch capacity, wide-section wheels and tires and a wide range of technical specs which reflect the highest standard of European rally car performance.

9 Eye-catcher at Turin show was this sleek two-seat Runabout by Bertone—a styling effort based on the Autobianchi III, but with engine mounted in the rear. Note that the headlamps are mounted behind the driver's head (the only place where they would be of legal height!) on the uprights for the roll hoop. More in U.S. fashion than European, the only instrument on the car is a compass (David Phipps photo).

10 Newest Firebird breaks tradition with a debut as mid-year offering and first appearance at the New York Show. This car is even tighter and cleaner than its predecessor and company tub-thumpers call attention to "the European

flair of this sporty car". Four models: Standard, Formula 400, Trans-Am (for the booming Sports Car Club of America pony car race series), and the luxury Esprit are offered—all on a 108-inch chassis with engine options ranging from a docile 250 cubic-inch six-cylinder to a fire-breathing 400-cube snarler with snorkel air cleaner and dual exhausts. No mere "show" car this, but an honest-to-goodness go-to-market competitor.

11 Plymouth's Beep Beep X-1 is a gorgeous "one of a kind" styling exercise based on the company's now famous Road Runner series. Built on a 100-inch wheelbase, 16 inches less than the standard, this "idea" high performance car has an overall length of 186.7 inches. Drag strip influence is revealed by wheel opening increased in size to accommodate giant H60 x 15-inch tires. Functional spoiler reflects experience gained with Plymouth's Grand National racer, Superbird. Rear quarter-panel spoilers are intended to reduce yaw in high-speed race traffic, while the aerodynamically squared profile and abbreviated windshield reduce drag. Beep Beep X-1 also reminds viewers of Plymouth's respected role in the worlds of drag and stock-car racing.

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cherries
had
cork tips
and
charcoal filters,
they'd taste
something
like these
new cigars.**



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A lady I know said that the pieces I've been doing for this magazine are dirty. I used dirty words, she said. Well, I have not. In the first place, there aren't any. All we have is a number of words we have been taught to react to in a fishy manner and if you haven't this kind of training you wouldn't suspect in a million years that there was anything amiss.

I pointed out to the lady that in the front of the book there are always letters from demented British people who feel obliged to let the world know that they wear leather clothes in the bedroom and flog one another half the night. I allowed as how even this wasn't dirty, just sick, and that Great Britain had a fine tradition of flogging handed down by their great public schools.

There are names for parts of the body that are supposed to be in bad taste. You can go to the museum and stare at all these parts but you're not supposed to say anything. The human figure is divine, they tell you, but try not to mention it. Look at the marvelous planes on her face, they will say, but nobody happens to be interested in the marvelous planes of her face. From the age of three onward, the only planes anybody can see are curves, and they all begin just below the neck and end up around the knees, if you're a real art student. For the rest of us, the knees might as well be on a camel. The only time I ever saw the knees on a woman's statue was when she was lying on her back and they obstructed the view of the Mother Country.

Now, while there may be parts of a lady statue that are ignored, there is a part of a man statue that isn't ignored by any sex, half-sex, inverted ding-a-ling or dog in the world. But what is the curator to say? We've all had it explained to us that that's just about as dirty as you can get, and in many of the finest old examples it's been broken off anyway. If God made your body and part of it is too dirty to mention even in a museum, what the hell is there left to talk about? In Rodin's *Kiss*, for example, where does the fella have his left hand? On her trenchcoat? I'll tell you what's dirty. It's when some revolting pig says that his hand is on her buttock. That's sick. That's beneath contempt. The truth is they never mention the guy's hand anyway . . . they ask you to stand and observe and then move on.

Over in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art they have a distorted lady with the largest pair of watermelons in the world and a back porch to match. If you so much as snigger, the people with the true garbage-heads stare at this clown. This poltroon who, seemingly, can't see the Art for the Ass. It's perfectly alright to mention the

WHAT'S A DIRTY PIECE?

by Henry Morgan

“

When people play tennis they use the language of tennis—when they play love they use the language associated with that sport

”



fact that the sculptor cut a big hole right in the middle of a lady's stomach. That you can mention as long as you remember to add that it of course gives the human figure a new dimension that lifts it into the etherea of grace and who knows what other ridiculous remarks. In this instance, you see, God didn't know what to do with the body after he made it, but he was lucky enough to invent Henry Moore, who did.

Listen, there are people who can't stand the sight of a naked horse. Some years ago a fellow we know started a campaign to get pants put on

all male animals and he could have made a fortune. He'd send the contributions back to the weevils who sent them in, explaining that he had a foundation that kept him going. What actually kept him going was his salary from a pretty good job and his endless horselaugh at one part of the so-called human race. One time he had bloomers made for a cow and got so much publicity he had to send back over \$30,000.

One result of our self-imposed ban on icky words has been to make fortunes for those writers and those of the hippy persuasion who cashed in first. One show on Broadway was an overnight sensation because the *girls* used the common four-letter word for excrement. The only reason I don't use the right word right now is to demonstrate how much more awful it is to be so stupid as to think the two words mean different things. It's quite like the man who cleans out cesspools referring to himself as a sanitary engineer. Well, I suppose there are limits.

One of the dirtiest (old rules) things I ever read was *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, written by the man who became known as Lawrence of Arabia. You have to read through interminable guff before you realize that hidden inside the jabber about how handsome this particular Arab soldier is are a number of clues to what kind of thinking the author is really doing. And it took "literary" people a quarter of a century to get around to beginning to hint that they would like to suggest something that they hoped would not be misunderstood or held against Lawrence. He was a fag. Well then, was it really dirty? Of course not. Dull, yes.

Did you ever actually read *Fanny Hill*? Do you remember the dirty words? Would you like to make a small bet? There weren't any, by my standards or those of anyone else. The author merely talked about what the girl had been through and you made up all the dirt you cared to. It was necessary, since none were in the book.

Did you actually read *Lady Chatterly's Lover*? Do you remember the dirty words? I do. There were enough to go round. The only trouble was that they couldn't possibly be dirty since that's the way people talked then and still do, barring the Britishisms. When people play tennis, they use the language of tennis. When they play love, they most certainly use the language associated with that sport. And if it isn't a sport and has no language then you have truly thrown away your life and will get nothing from these fine magazines.

So here you have a dirty piece in which I used only one dirty word and one questionable word. Is it then a truly dirty piece? Well, let's put it this way. *Reader's Digest* won't reprint it. But *Harper's* would, if I wrote better. 

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In the world-wide and unflagging campaign for human rights—in which the serious progress is made painstakingly in committee rooms and courtrooms rather than in demonstrations—there is no more prominent personality than the venerable Frenchman René Cassin. His efforts in the cause were crowned (1968) with the Nobel Prize for Peace, an honour earlier bestowed on civil-rights leader Martin Luther King. The award was in recognition of Cassin's work since 1946 as vice-president of the United Nations Commission for Human Rights, in which capacity he framed the historic declaration defining these rights.

Long a specialist in international law, Cassin is president of the French Constitutional Council, a court of final appeal so esteemed in France that it is the only official body of which de Gaulle has kept his membership since his retirement as head of state. Characteristic of Cassin's scrupulous regard for the law, the Council declared the referendum that ended de Gaulle's career unconstitutional a few days before the actual voting—a decision that may well have influenced the outcome. Indicative of the esteem in which Cassin is held in his own country is that he has long been one of the elect of the Académie Française.

Once a teacher of law, Cassin became involved in the legal problems of the League of Nations before the war, held various portfolios in de Gaulle's government-in-exile in London, and became de Gaulle's immediate deputy on the Council of State after the liberation. As president of the Constitutional Council he now works in a modest Paris office with a view over the roofs of the Palais Royal. Though slightly stooped, he remains bright-eyed and shows no evidence of his 82 years when he speaks on his cherished subject, answering fluently and without hesitation. In this exclusive interview, conducted by Paul Tabori, M. Cassin discusses the future of the United Nations, the prospects for human rights, and the essential role of law as a bulwark against chaos and tyranny.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

RENE CASSIN

Penthouse: You have spent a long and distinguished life in the service of peace. What was your greatest personal achievement, and what was your greatest disappointment?

Cassin: Oh well, it would be vainglorious to speak of my "greatest personal achievement". I believe that I have succeeded in making a start in repulsing injustice. A start only! I have perhaps made a modest contribution to lighten-

ing the load of suffering and injustice in the world—but that's all I can say. As for the disappointments—it is sad that each of the two great wars which caused such terrible devastation was followed by periods in which egotism, national and individual, ruled again, in which every country retired to the cocoon of its own narrow interests instead of acting in concert and learning from the tragic mistakes. So it all starts again—and inevitably leads to new conflicts. It seems that it has all been in vain—back we go into the abyss because of selfish stupidity. That is my greatest sorrow.

Penthouse: Didn't some German professor work out that since the birth of Christ there have been only 37 years without recorded war? Doesn't this throw doubt on the efforts of all the people who toil for peace?

Cassin: I do not share at all the view that this work is a waste. I know that we will always face a future full of shocks and jolts—just because human existence implies change and movement. What we can do is to reduce to a minimum these cataclysms and upheavals, and seek a guiding principle that permits evolution and self-expression without destruction. The international institutions we have created for this purpose are still pretty feeble. U Thant has every reason to complain often that many conflicts are not brought, or are brought too late, into the jurisdiction of the United Nations. But even those that are submitted to the authority of this supposedly paramount peace-keeping organization are not handled there in the way they should be handled. It is truly shameful that the International Red Cross is forced to keep out of certain territories because the governments refuse to let it pursue its humanitarian work.

Penthouse: Is national sovereignty the biggest stumbling block to peace?

Cassin: It plays a decisive part. Imagine what would happen within the human body if one of the organs—the brain or the heart—were to decide to act according to its own will, ignoring the interests, the very survival, of the others. Could such a body be in a healthy condition? What adds to the problem is that everything conspires to extend and intensify the power of the state. Yet there are few people who do not agree that a supra-national code of law is essential so that no state can smother and overwhelm its citizens. To find a balance between the state, the individual and the global human community—this is the task to which people like myself are totally dedicated.

Penthouse: Has any progress been made during the last 20 years?

Cassin: Yes, one cannot deny that the United Nations represents a step forward compared to the old League of Nations. The League was conceived as simply a peacekeeping, policing organization, but it had no machinery for developing *life within peace*. The United Nations' aim is exactly to achieve this. The absence of war is not enough; peace is life and therefore it never stands still. Human dignity, proper standards of nourishment, education, and housing are just as essential parts of it as freedom from guns and bombs. In the field of human rights we can already pride ourselves on definite advances. Such a declaration was un-

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The international institutions we have created to reduce conflicts are still pretty feeble, and even those disputes that are submitted to the United Nations are often wrongly handled

Young people have the right to be entrusted with a proper share in determining their own fate. It is the task of people with knowledge and responsibility to initiate those who lack it

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thinkable in the League of Nations days for there was no provision for it in the basic documents. It is true that many countries have not yet ratified the Declaration of Human Rights, and you cannot yet call it a living obligation accepted by the majority of the sovereign nations. In fact we cannot even speak about the violation of this international agreement—for, as far as most countries are concerned, the agreement is not in force. Let me give you a striking example. The very first article of the Constitution of the Soviet Union contains a guarantee of the right of the individual to self-determination, of the disposal of his own person. But the Soviet Union has not ratified the Declaration of Human Rights, has until now refused to sign any treaty to this purpose—so how can we expect the Soviet authorities to respect the Declaration of Human Rights? My own country, France, is in the same position, like so many others—at this moment it doesn't look as if she will ratify the Declaration.

Penthouse: Can non-governmental organizations achieve something in the field of Human Rights?

Cassin: Let me tell you that at this moment we are going through a crisis, because the United Nations is in the process of revising the status of the non-governmental organizations. The intention is to downgrade them all. There are members of the United Nations—you can identify them for yourself—who would dearly love to deprive various international bodies of their consultative status within the United Nations—because they find them embarrassing, bothersome, too insistent that certain countries should put their house in order and conform to the humanitarian principles of the UN. The truth is that the cause of peace has not yet properly enlisted in its support the newspapers, the radio and television networks who can reach and influence public opinion. Too often these concerns serve chauvinistic, narrow-minded, and particularist tendencies. For the United Nations to do its work properly it has to possess stronger means to persuade public opinion in all countries.

Penthouse: Isn't this a matter of education?

Cassin: Certainly, education is the key to the future. But it isn't only a question of educating people to respect Human Rights; we must teach them first to understand their own age. For no discussion of human rights can have a meaning if people do not understand how their world has evolved and how human beings ought to look on this world.

Penthouse: Is there a role for protesting youth in the preservation or restitution of peace?

Cassin: Yes—youth *must* play a part. I wouldn't like to swear that all these explosive movements tend to serve peace—young people who destroy laboratories or prevent their teachers from functioning. But young people have the right to be entrusted with a proper share in determining their own fate. People who possess knowledge often do not communicate with those who lack it, and yet it is their task to initiate the latter into knowledge, into responsibility. Yesterday I was asked to speak the eulogy of a man of charity who had achieved astounding results in France—a man so modest that he

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U Thant shares my view
that miniature countries,
viable neither
economically nor
politically, cannot serve
peace. One day United
Nations votes will have
to be allotted
by population
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International justice
is not enough by itself.
No court can be
effective where one
country starves while
its neighbor has a
glut of food
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did not want any speeches to be made at his funeral. I was in doubt whether I had the right to disobey his wishes, but then I told myself: how can we ask youth to respect its elders if no one tells them what these elders have done for them and for their country? Thus we old men also have a responsibility for all the revolts and disturbances—because we have failed to introduce the young to the continuity of human endeavour.

Penthouse: Do you consider that international justice and the cause of peace are interdependent?

Cassin: International justice is not enough in itself to create peace. We need the material conditions of peace to achieve it. You might create rules of international procedure, but if there is a country that starves while its neighbour has superabundance of food, a court of law can hardly play any effective part in settling such a basic problem. Global justice is certainly one of the elements of peace, but peace is a conglomerate.

Penthouse: Are political factors or economic factors the more important among the elements that threaten peace?

Cassin: In my view, politics is synthesis. Economics may play an immense part in it, but so do intellectual elements, and there are many other factors. Finally the synthesis of all these elements decides matters.

Penthouse: In Eastern Europe, to be a “peace-fighter” is commendable, while to be a pacifist is to be a traitor. Isn’t this one more illustration of the perils of pacifism?

Cassin: Well, I won’t hide from you that I am not a pacifist in the sanctimonious sense of the word. During my life, unfortunately, I had to participate in war not once but twice. Did I

regret having to do so? Yes, I regret that it was necessary, but I can’t really say that I am sorry for the final results of both conflicts, for in the last analysis they saved freedom. Therefore the idea that one must fight for peace isn’t a false one. Only, to be sure, these expressions are exploited! Not so long ago the Soviet Union was telling us that the invasion of Czechoslovakia was a contribution to the fight for peace!

Penthouse: There has also been propaganda talk about the peaceful atom bomb. Do you believe that nuclear weapons have actually helped to preserve peace, by establishing a balance of power?

Cassin: That’s the theory of all the countries who produce nuclear weapons, and among those who make this claim are many sincere and honest people. But if we judge the matter at a proper distance and not as a weapon in psychological warfare, we can easily make a distinction. If atomic power is used to feed the starving, to turn the desert into a garden, that’s fine. If used to destroy whole countries and continents, how can we equate it with peace—except the peace of death?

Penthouse: In the last 20 years or so about 60 states have gained their independence. Does this fragmentation of the world help the cause of peace—or militate against it?

Cassin: On the whole it is a good thing. For instance, the establishment of the new independent states of Africa was a matter of simple justice. It was also a logical sequel to the Second World War in which the Allies fought for freedom. But I must make certain reservations. First, one should find an intermediate position between complete independence and the tutelage of the United Nations. An international system need not constitute control or bondage—but can have the right to guide, to advise. In France we have a law regulating the status of minors: they reach majority at 21 but the parents can grant them certain rights at 18—to enter into commerce, to travel on an independent passport, etc. So at 18 a youngster has become a full-fledged citizen in almost every respect—but he still needs advice. Many of the new states have accepted such advice in the same spirit in which it was given. The French-speaking new countries of Africa have certainly benefited from the economic, technical, educational help of France. A relationship is developing that might be compared in many ways to the organic cooperation within the British Commonwealth. This is excellent. Only—it isn’t sufficiently comprehensive, systematic. Personally I deplore that some extremely small states have gained independence. U Thant shares my view that these miniature countries, which are viable neither politically nor economically, cannot serve the cause of peace.

One cannot reverse the trend and abolish existing states, so I believe that one day we must create a twofold Assembly of the United Nations, one in which votes are apportioned not by country but by population, national income, educational level, etc. This principle already exists in the contributions each country makes to the budget of the United Nations. In other fields, other associations, national or international, the subscriptions paid are often taken





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as a norm for the rights exercised. Personally, I am delighted that Mauritius has a certain measure of independence—but if one considers that Red China is not a member of the United Nations, one feels that something is lopsided about the “one country, one vote” system.

Penthouse: Do you think that the veto of the Great Powers in the United Nations is an obstacle to peace?

Cassin: I am in favour of limiting the veto in certain matters. But it cannot be abolished. After all, there are groupings of nations that are more powerful than others, which have overwhelming responsibilities. One cannot change the world without taking into account certain facts. Let me tell you frankly that in the Assembly voting results are often irresponsible, impulsive—so how can you expect nations that take their responsibilities seriously to obey such votes? Even the Security Council has often voted resolutions apportioning blame, giving orders that were unjust and far from reasonable. Any body that sets up itself as a court of justice must not violate justice. And so the orders of the Security Council are disregarded, disobeyed. I don't have to give you instances of this—they happen every month if not every week.

Penthouse: What about the exclusion of Red China, and the Chinese conflict with the USSR? Some believe that under Chinese pressure the Soviet Union may become more inclined to come to terms with the capitalist world and thus the risk of war might be lessened.

Cassin: Well, it is evident that any regime that has lasted 50 years in the contemporary world cannot remain unaffected by its human contacts and exchanges of ideas—not for half a century. In my view the great mistake is to delay and block the time when the Chinese empire can also resume such contacts—for the sooner these begin, the more hope we have that it won't take 50 years for her to come to terms with the rest of the world. I don't want to make any forecasts but I consider it a serious error not to invite the isolated countries to join the conference table. The world cannot live in peace with an attitude that treats whole subcontinents as leper colonies.

Penthouse: How far is the enormous expenditure on arms responsible for economic crises in the Western world?

Cassin: I'd like to say that all expenditure on arms represents wealth that is withdrawn from the normal, healthy economic circulation. This is a bloodletting waste. For instance, if a factory turns out warplanes, it is distracted from turning out commercial planes—the priority will be always on bombers and fighters rather than on airliners and cropdusting planes. Re-armament is also an artificial means to avoid or reduce employment. Hitler told his people: “I shall give you work!” And during some years he did provide work, proclaiming *Strength Through Joy* and *Work Makes Free*. But we saw what a price the Germans had to pay for it, not to mention the rest of the world. Certainly, the arms race has often produced results which served mankind's progress; out of rocketry came the development of space travel; out of nuclear armaments the atoms for peace technology. But truly, the amounts spent on

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It's a great mistake to delay the time when the Chinese empire can resume human contacts and exchanges of ideas. The world can't live in peace while whole continents are treated as lepers

The amounts spent on armaments are outrageous. It's a scandal that the Great Powers supply arms to smaller nations at war or preparing for war

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armaments are outrageous. It is scandalous that the Great Powers supply arms to the smaller nations who are at war or who are preparing for war. This is evil.

The United States has been manufacturing arms on a large scale since 1940. It has been obliged to continue the process since World War II in face of the Russian danger and, more recently, because of the war in Vietnam. If arms manufacture were now suddenly stopped, this would mean a frightful crisis. Disarmament as it affects industry and employment cannot be done with a brutal immediacy. But we still have to set ourselves a goal. Whenever nations and heads of state establish such a goal, they have to change the education, the structure, the budgets—and prepare employers and workers alike who live by the manufacture of armaments. The duty of national leaders is to take the long view, and to try to achieve the progressive conversion of the economy into a peacetime, pacific one.

But let me add that in my view one will never achieve peace by total disarmament. What I would advocate is the development of regional authorities which can dispose of certain arms and men. The whole world cannot live without a certain measure of order. Call it international police or a United Nations peacekeeping force, but it is evident that human society cannot exist without certain organs to guard peace. I count among these organs not only the police but also the judiciary. But our existing societies, the

United Nations itself does not possess a judiciary. We have the International Court at The Hague, but this is so little, so puny compared to what is needed! And there will be never a world subject to the order of law if we do not have an international criminal court in addition to one dealing with civil matters. But the Great Powers do not want such a court.

Penthouse: Have you any practical suggestions for fortifying the International Court at The Hague.

Cassin: No court can be ignored as long as there is an advocate, an attorney-general or a public prosecutor, to represent the conscience of the world. Now this is not just a wishdream. I have presided for nine years over the European Court of Conciliation, an embryo stage of an international ministry of justice. There was also the Tribunal of Nuremberg—four nations, each with its prosecutors and judges—and at the Court of Luxembourg attorneys-general have appeared representing international law and human conscience. I believe that the future development of international law should not be restricted to arbitration—that is, to cases where both parties have agreed to submit their dispute to a judge. We need a procedure in which the judge forms his opinion after listening both to the opposing parties and to the representatives of European or world conscience. This is the most important reform. You will never have an effective international tribunal unless you have a public prosecutor's office attached to it.

Penthouse: Suppose you could prepare a Grand Design for the establishing of peace, what would it contain?

Cassin: I don't pretend to having any such a Grand Design. I have chosen for myself the limited sector of universal human rights. And if we succeed in establishing at Strasbourg—as we plan to do within the next few months—an international institution for the defence and support of human rights, an institution independent of various governments (though we won't refuse any help from the U.N., nor from individuals, nor from governments or universities)—we shall have made an important step forward.

Similarly the idea of ecumenism in the religious field is an important element and a vast prospect. It must be emphasized that the advance both in human rights and in ecumenism has coincided with the discovery of atomic power as though the growing domination of nature by technology were paralleled by an awakening world conscience. It seems to me that humanity is following some fundamental law according to which as we acquire greater and greater technological powers, we also find the ability to face the consequences of the employment of these powers.

Penthouse: Do you endorse Hegel's view that humanity never learns from its mistakes?

Cassin: No, I am not a pessimist, not a complete one. I am asked often: “Do you believe that the violations of human rights are more frequent than in the past?” And I reply: “I am certain that they are less frequent. Only—they are far wider known”. Today the cries of the victims are heard—even if not always, even if not loud enough.

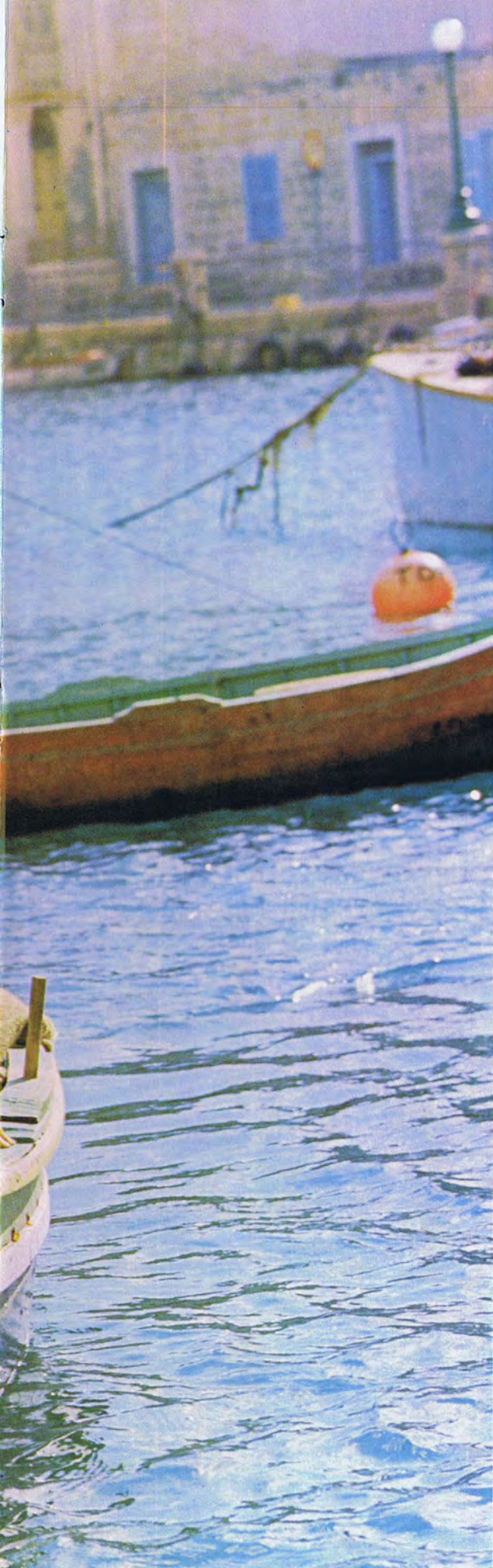
Penthouse: M. Cassin, thank you.





STEPHANIE





THE STEPHANIE STORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

Music and women—to quote diarist Samuel Pepys—“I cannot but give way to”. He was not the last to acknowledge a personal penchant of this nature, which may be counted on to endure among the male of the species for just as long as there are women to bring out the music in men. And there are, there are: witness the symphonic structure of this month’s prodigious Pet, Miss Stephanie McLean, a girl to stir a song in even the tone-deaf.

Already glimpsed in these pages by readers of our pictorial report on the Penthouse Club, where she was seen as one of the ornaments of the London launch, Stephanie was among the costumed Pets who twice toured the United States last summer as part of the promotion campaign for the magazine’s International edition. London-raised, half-British and half-Austrian, she is aged 18 years, 5 ft 7 ins tall, and endowed with statistics that are eloquent in any language: 40-25-36.

Once a would-be actress, she got as far as an appearance on a British TV commercial, which went out on a night when Publisher Bob Guccione happened to be home watching the box. He predictably appreciated the lass’s Pet potential, and promptly recruited her to the ravishing retinue then assembling for his transatlantic invasion. And so, with other Pets past and projected (including the memorable “Kipper”), Stephanie found herself wafted on to a 15-city Stateside swing. “It was so exciting”, she recalls. “Names that had just been movie and headline names to me,





like New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco and Los Angeles, became real live places. We went on radio and TV in some places several times a day. People wanted to hear all about Penthouse of course, but what surprised me was that a lot of them seemed keen to know about me personally too—I must have given goodness knows how many press interviews."

This curiosity seems entirely understandable to us, and in view of the interest aroused by meeting Stephanie we can imagine also the disappointment of those who missed her. That distressing fate





befell numerous Penthouse well-wishers during the second promotional tour last September, and we hasten to explain why. Stephanie caught mumps. "I spent two weeks in my room at New York's Sheraton Hotel. Imagine, going all the way to America and then catching a silly childhood disease!"

Nevertheless, as our pictures show, the stunning Stephanie soon regained the full bloom of health and was duly flown to the Bahamas and to Malta, where these Pet of the Month studies were specially photographed. Her association with the Penthouse organization continuing apace, Stephanie later took up her duties as one of the glamorous group of uniformed Pets tending the needs of members and visitors at London's Penthouse Club.

It is a custom at the club for Pets to introduce themselves by name to members they wait on, but in Stephanie's case that may no longer be necessary. Is there a man alive who, having feasted his eyes on the pictures we now present, will ever forget her? 





MISS STEPHANIE MCLEAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

SEE SICK

THERE
IT
IS....



SQUAMPTING IN FOETAL
WONDER... THE MOST
DISGUSTING COMPLEX
OF SLIME-JELLED
LIFE THAT HAS EVER
TURNED A HUMAN
STOMACH....



MY FLESH SHRINKS
AT THE THOUGHT OF
ITS SEPULCHRAL
TOUCH.... LIKE NERVE-
MOIST TOMBS
EXPLODING IN
GALACTIC NOVAE...
MY BLOOD FREEZES
OVER.....



MY STOMACH
KNOTS IN
PROTEST-SHRILL
SCREAMS...
MY HEART
ROARS IN
DUMB ANGUISH...



MY
THROAT
GAGS...
MY
LIVER...
MY...



SPLAT?



I THINK
I'M
GOING
TO
BE
SICK
!



Guccione

The symptoms of winter had appeared in the Piney Woods, but a warm glow suffused the toad as he hustled through the chilly breeze. It happened that a new creature had moved into the area, a winsome widow toad of the most admirable design, and the toad, his male blood up and thrumming in his ears, was bent on conquest, armed with a bottle of brandy.

"I'll soften her up with a few belts from the old jug," said the beaming toad as he raced along, "and then—ker-POW!!"

What the toad meant by "ker-pow" may be readily concluded. Other ready conclusions were that great gaps existed, to say the least of it, in his knowledge and understanding of the opposite sex and that his prognosis was naive in the extreme—which he was soon to find out for himself.

Arriving at his destination, he proceeded to pour huge drinks for the lady in question and even huger ones for himself. Shortly, he had become rather tight and extremely bold.

"Whadayuh say, babe," he croaked, "let's cut out the preliminaries and get down to the main event." And he accompanied this deathless romantic aphorism with a wink so lewd, so hideously conspicuous that tea-cups rattled in the house next door.

"Just a minute, Hot-lips," said the lady toad huffily, "I don't bestow my favours on just any toad that happens to hop along."

"But I'm *not* just any toad," said the toad.

"Then, what's so special about you?"

"Plenty," said the toad stoutly. "For one thing, I play the tuba, and there's not many toads can do that."

"Music is for cissies," pronounced the lady toad. "I like a toad who's all toad—a hard, rough, tough, two-fisted toad."

"Have I by any chance," said the toad thinking quickly, "mentioned what my nickname is?"

"No," said the lady toad.

"It's 'Knuckles,'" improvised the toad. "So called because of my abilities as a street brawler, bully-boy, all-round yahoo and punch-up expert." Here the toad puffed himself up and put on his face what he fancied to be an intensely tough expression.

"You? A tough guy? You're having me on!"

"Am I?" said the toad, whose agile brain was racing ahead, "Then what would you think of a toad that could thump the stuffing out of a three-pound water rat?"

"No toad could thrash a water rat," scoffed the lady. "They've got long sharp teeth and claws and whippy tails—and lots of things."

"But what would you think of a toad that *could*?" persisted the toad.

The lady looked away and sighed a sensuous sigh. "I would think," she breathed, "that he was the most wonderful toad in all the world, and I would do anything for him."

"Right," said the toad, rising brusquely, if a bit unsteadily, from the sofa. "I'll pick you up here at tomorrow midday, and we'll jolly well see who's rough and tough!" And with that he swaggered off.

A half hour later he was seated with the water rat in the latter's house.

"Me take a dive?" the rat was saying indignantly. "Me go in the tank just so's you



THE TOAD AND HIS LADY

A FABLE OF OUR TIME
BY
RORY HARRITY

can impress your girl-friend? You must be joking." He added: "What d'you take me for?"

"I took you," said the toad miserably, "for a friend." And two huge tears formed at the corners of his eyes and glistened down his cheeks.

"Aw, hell," said the rat, beneath whose rough exterior a kind heart lurked, "maybe I'll think it over."

"No, no, *don't* think it over, Ratty!" cried the toad. "Just say you'll do it."

"Yeah, but for a water rat to get thumped by a crummy toad," worried the rat, "I mean, it don't look right for rats."

"In the first place," said the toad with *hauteur*, "toads aren't crummy. And in the second place, the fighting reputation of rats won't suffer because everybody but her will know the fight's fixed."

"Yeah, well, I guess it's okay then," said the rat, a trifle uncertainly.

"Hot *spit*!" sputtered the jubilant toad, and together the two animals planned the fistic

charade to come.

Next day, the toad duly appeared at his lady's house on the stroke of noon.

"Come on, woman," he commanded masterfully, in a voice two octaves below normal. "We got business with a water rat up at the clearing."

"I do believe you're serious!" cried the lady toad.

"You bet your sweet patootie I'm serious," toughed the toad, and sure enough, when they arrived at the big clearing, there was the rat, right on schedule. So were the tipped-off spectators, consisting of the bear, the fox, the weasel and the badger.

"Well! I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed the toad, "there's that dirty rat."

"Gosh, he looks tough!" gasped the lady. "Look at those two long sharp front teeth!"

"I'll tweak 'em out and stuff 'em up his nose-holes," said the toad.

"But look at those needle-like claws!"

"I'll stitch his ears up with 'em," said the toad.

"But look at that whippy tail!"

"I'll twist it off and hang him with it," said the toad. And with that he strode up, eyeball to eyeball with the rat. "Rat," announced the toad in a loud and threatening voice, "these woods ain't big enough for both of us. Also you're a yellow-streaked, clay-footed lily-livered poof."

The bear coughed to hide his laughter, the fox snickered audibly—and the toad could cheerfully have killed them both.

"I don't take that kind of talk from any creature," replied the rat dutifully, and with that the "fight" began.

The combatants huffed and puffed and punched and kicked, and groaned and moaned and rolled on the ground in what, except perhaps to a practised eye, appeared a bloodthirsty punch-up. And after some minutes there could have been no doubt in the mind of the lady toad that her hero was winning paws down.

"Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*!" the toad was bellowing, while the water rat obligingly went *ooof!* time and time again.

"Oh my brave Toady! My darling!" the lady toad exclaimed.

The toad's master plan would doubtless have achieved its object had not an unexpected stranger materialized among the spectators. This stranger was a young voluptuous female water rat—and she was watching the drift of the fight with evident dismay. "God's *teeth*!" squeaked the rat to himself, when he espied her through the flailing ineffectual fists of the toad, "that's the most desirable rat I ever saw in my whole life!"

"Take the dive, fer Chrissake! Take the dive!" croaked the toad. "I can't keep swinging my arms about forever!"

"True enough, Toady, true enough," said the rat. And with that he blipped the toad with a crisp left hook to the chin, winked lasciviously at his fair supporter, and—ever a kind fellow at heart—caught the toad before he hit the ground.

MORAL: A friend in need is a friend indeed—providing he doesn't need the same thing as you do.



Wayne Anderson



Für Elise

Fiction
by
I. C. Stewart

● She'd heard of no fury like a woman scorned—
but this little date was a man's way of hitting back. It was an assignation that
whetted her professional appetite . . . ●

It had been a splendid dinner. The crayfish especially was superb. When Bellamy had finished his coffee and cigarillo, he walked boldly across the dining room.

"Thought you'd come over," said the girl, lightly.

"Thought? I knew," Bellamy said.

"What kept you? I hate dining alone." Her voice was educated, rich—expensively sincere.

"Habit. Prudence. A sense of decorum."

"Fear? I eat men live, you know—like a female spider."

"Cut it out," he said.

"Poverty perhaps?" There was something German in her face. "I'm very expensive."

"My Sting-Ray's outside. Do you want to get in

now? Or should I show you my suit lining first?"

"So you model?"

"Savile Row's apotheosis," Bellamy said, and smiled.

"Pays—?"

"Adequately."

"Is that all?"

"Drink?"

They took silent stock of each other. Her eyes dropped first, seeking refuge in her wristwatch. When she cleared her throat—daintily, unnecessarily—Bellamy knew that he had beaten her. He notched up the victory on the thin cane of his mind. He felt confident enough to save her from herself, by breaking the sticky strands of her predicament.

"Did you have an appointment tonight?" he said.

"You could say that."

"Pays?"

"Inordinately."

"Something in commerce?"

She looked up at him suddenly, as if alarmed by his perception. Then, slowly, she said,

"That's right. Something in commerce."

The wine waiter jack-knifed from nowhere in front of her face, obscuring briefly Bellamy's cruel handsomeness.

She felt grateful for the temporary relief.

Bellamy caressed the stem of his glass with his left hand, laid a pound note on the unread scrap of paper on the waiter's tray with his right hand, and said:

"Don't bother to come back."

He met her gaze across the dinner-table. "This—ah, stockbroker," he said. "I'm going to make a takeover bid." His strong brown fingers still caressed the smooth glass stem.

"What are you offering?" she said.

"What was he bidding?"

"Fifty," she said, lightly.

"What did he buy for that? Father and daughter, with you the daughter he never had?"

"No."

"Mother and son, with you to replace the mother he didn't want?"

"No."

"Birch twigs with the sap still high?"

"No."

"Horse and jockey?"

"Yes". She said it sharply, almost in annoyance.

"It had to be. There's nothing else left."

"Isn't there?"

"Nothing you'd be interested in until you're too old to argue."

"Doesn't the question of who was horse and who was jockey interest you?"

"If you think you've got a secret from me there—" he sipped before he continued, "I won't spoil your fun."

Beaten again, she turned her whole attention to her cherry on its pointed stick, nibbling it with synthetic serenity.

"What are you offering?" she said again.

"Fifty one."

"A controlling interest."

"You could say that."

"And what are you: father, son, whack-whack, horse or jockey?"

"None."

"I thought you said there was nothing else left. Or have I suddenly aged 20 years?"

"No. You were 26 when you were dining alone on the other side of this room and you're still 26."

"So."

"So I'm offering you a new dimension."

"Photographs?"

"I don't have a camera."

"I'm interested."

"Of course you are. I'll tell you when we're at the cloakroom."

"The cloakroom?"

"Yes. When I'm fitting you inside your coat. You'd feel happier if I spoke into the back of your pretty neck."

They rose in unison, and walked slowly across the yielding carpet. A few bored diners glared, enviously, at them, and then sank back into their private dreams and misery, their T-bone steaks and coffee cups.

The tired tinkling of the dining-room quintet faded as they patted down the shallow stairs. When they reached the cloakroom, she stared straight ahead at the tiny West Indian attendant, and said, as Bellamy snugged her into her coat:

"Yes?"

Bellamy sheathed her to the hilt, smoothed down her collar, and then said:

"I want your voice."

"My voice?" she said. To the West Indian, almost.

"Yes," Bellamy said. "And by the way, your neck's not pretty. It's gazelle. Marie Antoinette. I'm sorry I insulted you." Neither of them spoke again until they were inside the Greenwich apartment 40 minutes later. The hidden lights in Bellamy's lounge were muted. The first thing she picked up and examined was a girl's photograph. Bellamy had burned out the eyes with a cigarillo, and the girl's face stared blindly from behind the glass, with ghastly beauty.

"What was her name?" she said.

"Lois."

"You want revenge?"

"That's right. Revenge," said Bellamy. "I want revenge. Vicious revenge."

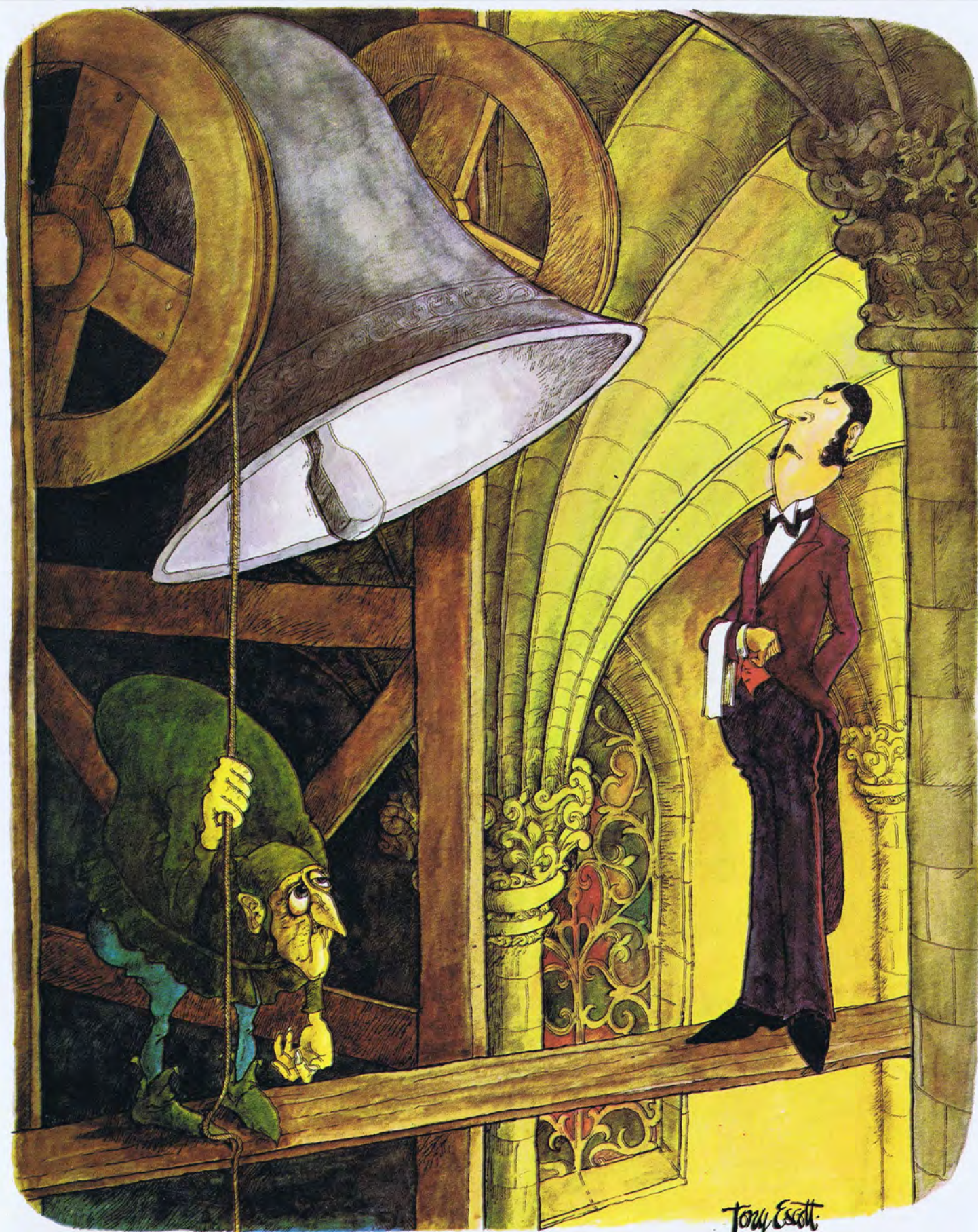
"Do you want her to find us in bed together? Or is it enough if she hears my voice?"

"Look behind you," he commanded.

She had not noticed the wall when she came into the subdued light of the room. Bellamy had stabbed his lover's nightdress to the picture rail. It hung dishevelled, a crumpled black shroud, with a Chinese ivory-handled knife pinning it to the wood.

"That's how I want it done," said Bellamy. "In the back."





Tony Esott

"You rang, Sir?"



Once a word unmentionable in polite society, marijuana has become the most publicized vegetable in history. If the number of its "users" is at all proportionate to the amount being written about it at present, don't trust anyone with a cigarette. Known by the official name of *cannabis sativa*, marijuana grows around the world in virtually every country and clime. The plants are quite graceful to see, sinuously waving on their flexible stalks with long serrated leaves, much like bamboo. Perhaps such a sight inspired the underground interpretation of Bob Dylan's phrase "The answer, my friends, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind".

Not only is marijuana a world-wide crop, but it is one of the substances found in the earliest traces of civilization. Almost all the peoples of the ancient world in the Mediterranean basin—Greeks, Scythians, Assyrians, Mesopotamians, Iranians *et al.*—used the plant for "magical" properties, ascribing to it mythological and divine origins.

There has been much speculation in scientific circles about some sort of "consciousness awakening" experience among primates before the evolutionary emergence of *homo sapiens* (witness Stanley Kubrick's now famous "monods" from *2001: A Space Odyssey*). It is not too far-fetched to postulate that an ape, whose brain was sufficiently developed to profit by the experience, one day discovered and ate some wild cannabis plants. The resulting ecstasy and mind expansion lifted him to a new level of consciousness and self-awareness. The experience was repeated, shared with his immediate family, and the first tribe of self-conscious primitive but "human" beings came into being. (This is a theory.)

As a medicinal drug, cannabis is described in antique Chinese texts for its sedative, pain-killing, sleep-inducing, diuretic, etc., properties. Under the name "Soma" it figures in Indian religious texts written and sung 3,000

HEMP AND THE HUCKSTERS

Why has the ancient, but formerly covert, pleasure of pot erupted suddenly among an entire generation? Can the new marijuana mores be traced to turned-on ads from Madison Avenue?

by James Lichtenberg



years ago. The ancients often partook of the experience by throwing whole plants on raised grates above burning coals and inhaling the clouds of smoke that resulted. The seeds, which are much slower to burn than the leaves and flowers, would fall among the ashes, and cannabis seeds were discovered in ashes dating from the 5th century B.C. in tombs opened near Brandenburg, Germany.

A second discovery about cannabis was that the fibres could be used for ropes and clothing, and for this purpose the most respected and acceptable name of "hemp" has been used. In the light of these ancient origins (and the information is copious for anyone who has the curiosity) the sudden surfacing of marijuana in contemporary society raises the question whether we are only now seeing what has been there all along. According to a *Life* magazine estimate at least 12 million Americans have tried marijuana. How many of these millions are now simply open about what had been a fairly private activity until recently?

The situation seems to have much in common with the contemporary phenomenon of sexual openness. As Kinsey and others revealed in the '50s, America, despite an official front of propriety and puritanism, has always been a very swinging place. Certainly, it's getting better all the time.

There is no lack of evidence that widespread marijuana "use" is no novelty. George Washington grew marijuana on his plantation at Mount Vernon for purposes of smoking. Three references in his diaries talk about planting and then "separating" the male and female plants—a useless and wasteful operation if hemp is grown for rope, but essential for good smoking marijuana since the most potent part of the plant is the unfertilized female leaf tips and the clusters around the seeds. This is the only part of the plant harvested and sold in Mexico, the rest being discarded.

The American Indians also took

marijuana, as well as peyote and other natural hallucinogens (non-narcotic non-addictive drugs among which marijuana was recently classified by James L. Goddard, former director of the Food & Drug Administration). One of the sights that amazed the early settlers was that of an Indian filling his long pipe, taking several long puffs and then falling into an ecstatic swoon for hours at a time—"stoned out of his mind". Like the Orientals and ancient Mediterranean civilizations, the American Indians also ascribed divine origins and properties to the plant.

Other clues point to long underground use of marijuana in American history. For example millions of packages of paper for rolling cigarettes are sold in the United States year after year, while the sale of loose smoking tobacco is minute in comparison. Then there is the impressive number of different names for marijuana used in the United States alone. A partial list includes: marijuana, marihuana (the US government prefers this spelling), grass, tea, Indian hemp, pot (the favorite), dope and reefer (in vogue in the 1930s, especially referring to cigarettes). Also in use in this country, though less common, are boo, cannabis, charge, gold goo, jive, joint (the most common way of referring to a marijuana cigarette in "hip" circles), joy, loco weed, mary jane, muggles, muta, stick—19 in all, and no doubt readers can contribute a couple of their own. Only a diffused practice could have so many names, as in the case of alcoholic drinks.

But if a part of the population in America, especially in the western and mid-Western states, has always smoked marijuana (it grows wild in the fields of Kansas, Oklahoma, Iowa, etc., and

Senator Barry Goldwater once said that everyone in the Southwest is always stoned), the recent phenomenon is the result of a whole new first-generation of marijuana smokers.

There is no universally accepted account of the effect of marijuana. The *New York Times* described it as "a change in perception resulting in euphoria". Investigators who published their findings, unaffected by political pressures, as reported during a PBL documentary on marijuana, feel that the active element in the plant increases the ease with which impulses pass along the nerve fibres to the brain. Not only does the brain receive the impressions of external reality more quickly but it receives many of the subtle impressions previously screened out. This corresponds well to the experience universally described by even casual "users" of becoming fascinated with things that previously seemed uninteresting or escaped their notice altogether. The sudden luxurious profusion of impressions, and the resulting extraordinary association of ideas account in part for the "storms of laughter, ecstatic reveries and extensions of one's personality on several simultaneous planes" that Alice B. Toklas promises (in her now famous recipe for hashish brownies) are to be "complacently expected". Each individual has his own way of describing being "high".

Out west, in those incredible landscapes where one can go for hundreds of miles without seeing another human being, it is possible to be naturally "spaced", a state of wonder in which the mind literally loses itself in the vastness that stretches from horizon to horizon. Moreover, we have all been "high" at one time or another, in the sense of being in a state of hilarity and

good humor, or in love, or transported by involvement in or excitement about something we are concentrating on. "Long-haired" musicians tend to get "high" on music, long-haired (and of course short-haired) painters on color and form. Einstein, with electric hair, was "stoned" on physics in a way few of us can understand. But what is so new, and what is causing such cultural repercussions, is the appreciation that absorbing a tiny amount of a vegetable substance found in the sap or "resin" of the cannabis plant (hashish is simply pure resin collected from the marijuana leaves and cured) can release in our minds the same intense flow of energy and awareness.

Historians will have to give a final explanation of the sudden popularity of marijuana in America in the 1960s. But there are already indications. The first is that children of an affluent middle class were brought up instilled with fundamental American ideals of personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and encouraged to explore their personalities and "find themselves". Secondly, these essentially happy, if sometimes mixed-up, young people found themselves in an "adult" reality that contradicted the ideals they had been taught: racial discrimination, financial exploitation and the incomprehensible Vietnamese conflict. Thirdly, their affluence has allowed them to travel to places, like Mexico and North Africa, where marijuana of superb quality is available and commonly employed. Fourthly, the relaxation of certain racial barriers brought them into contact with minority cultures, like the black and Caribbean, for whom the use of marijuana has been an historical practice.

Finally, they are the children of Madison Avenue, of advertising, which as much as any other single force has opened the American consciousness to the possibilities of "turning on". "Our soft drinks taste *better*!" "Our cigarettes smoke *smoother*!" "Our aspirin work *faster*!"

This imprecise use of language (Better than what? Smoother than what? Faster than what?) sowed doubts against which they tried to defend themselves and their culture by uncompromisingly harsh judgments about advertising in general. But consider the effect on the naive and open-minded. "Better! Smoother! Faster!" This is language used with a dynamic freedom of spirit, as attractive as an airplane taking off.

It is to be observed here that advertising may be the single most powerful style of communication in the United States. Every medium of communication—magazines, newspapers, radio, television—is saturated with advertising. Practically every commercial venture depends on advertising, which extends to the packaging of its goods and the



"Excuse me sir . . . could you spare a moment?"

vehicles used to transport them. Even politics at the highest level, as evidenced by the book *The Selling of a President*, has been profoundly influenced by advertising. In short, it is an integral part, and has been for decades, of the life of every American, regardless of age, occupation, or geographical location.

Through sight and sound, advertising performs the function of making up your mind, "changing your perception". All gasolines are virtually identical, and yet American oil companies spend billions of dollars a year to change your perception so that their particular products seem best to you. Only minor differences separate most brands of mass-produced commercial products, which heightens the importance of the right persuasion. Before World War II, the basic style was hard sell: "Eight out of 10 doctors recommend such and such a toothpaste! Buy it! (unless you want your teeth to fall out!)" Later this approach was refined to smug social putdowns, as in the Dial Soap jingle "Aren't you glad you use Dial? Don't you wish everybody did?" In due course came the still more sophisticated appeal of the soft sell—of which the campaign for Volkswagen is probably the finest example—and sexual innuendo. Everything, cigars (White Owl Girl), airlines and their fantastic visuals shot from beneath an airplane as if a huge phallus were flying over you, automobiles (he drives up in his new brand X and she says "My mother told me I'd meet men like you") was sold with a sexual twist, and fashion photography refined it to the point of near art. Until the recent explosion of explicit sexual publications and movies, the ads in the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine section were as exciting as anything around.

Advertising helped open the mind of a generation to consciousness-expanding experiences, and meanwhile the campus-limited folk music scene exploded into the national business of rock music. The marginal drug scene of the beat era (at Harvard in 1961, perhaps 50 students in 4,000 had any contact with marijuana, whereas by 1967 when the Harvard Medical school did its study the doctors had difficulty in finding any students who hadn't tried it) has proliferated to include well over half of all college students. The lost unhappy beatnik of the '50s has been replaced by the colorful, ecstatic hippie, and Madison Avenue without missing a beat took the cue. Youth as a consumer market has been a multi-billion dollar proposition for some time, but suddenly advertising realized a deeper truth: if you really want to get people don't put them down, don't put them on . . . turn them on. The power of the ecstatic approach has only begun to be understood.

General Tires sells its product by showing young people dancing against a light-show backdrop. Clairrol produces slow-motion lovers meeting in a sun-drenched field with the name of their shampoo mentioned only briefly at the end of commercial. Fashion photographers are suddenly pointing their cameras into the sun for that "mind-blown" ecstatic effect. Oldsmobiles become "Youngmobiles". Airline commercials, instead of brief travelogues, become mini-ecstasy excursions, selling not the place but the enjoyment of it. And just in case the point wasn't clear, TWA came up with the turn-on line of the group (taken from a rock 'n' roll song by the Fifth Dimension) "Up up and away with TWA".

The campaign by Eastern Airlines, "The Wings of Man", illustrates a phenomenon that may explode over the next few years: advertising based, in ecstatic language, on consciousness-expanding innuendo. "Come. We will be your wings. We will set you free. Free beyond the heights of man. Free to chase the sun. It shall be a most natural thing. For you. To fly". "Flying" is a common way of describing a state of marijuana intoxication. The company responsible for advertising on the New York buses ran some remarkable illuminated signs on the vehicles with such phrases as "You can fly", ". . . Cool it" and "Talk to a head" (a "head" is a term for someone who uses marijuana) and more recently has treated the city to a rolling gallery of Peter Max's ecstatic "head" artwork.

As for the cigarette companies, their commercials (perhaps with an eye to the future) have been not only the most profuse but the most inventive in the use of copy rich with marijuana double-entendres. But the new style of using consciousness-expanding concepts in advertising is gradually going beyond just the major national companies. In the same issue of *Life* magazine that featured a cover story on marijuana, a honey company advertised its product under the headline "Get 'High' on Honey". A small mini-bike company published an ad with the line "A Trip on This One is Legal" (in a motorcycle magazine). A recent poster for a New York wine company shows a group of romantic young women in a sort of Alice in Wonderland setting standing beside a large reproduction of the stylized sailor who appears on the cover of Zig-Zag cigarette paper (this figure has for several years been an underground symbol for marijuana use). To complete the thought the one line of copy on the poster reads "The gentle voyage"—the implication could not be more clear. Wine (also cordials and beer) is extremely pleasurable during marijuana intoxication, whereas hard liquor counteracts the effect.

"Designs for the 70's"



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True, New York and the major cities of the east and west coasts tend to be more progressive than the middle of the country. But given the way trends are spread from these centers in fashion, films and even political ideas the rest of the country will undoubtedly soon have its local flowering of this kind of advertising.

Nancy Mayer in her article for *New York* magazine entitled "How the Middle Class Turns On" makes the assertion: "Pot-heads (chronic marijuana users) are rampant in the creative departments of ad agencies." In talking with a young woman who works for a Madison Avenue concern the subject of marijuana arose. "No, I don't smoke", she said, "That's how I got the job"—her responsibilities were to deal with people who would not be sympathetic to marijuana smoking, freeing her creative colleagues to use the consciousness-expanding state derived from smoking in their daily work.

While Madison Avenue has the highest concentration of "users", other prominent corporations in entertainment and communications have opened their doors just a crack, not without misgivings, to permit the existence of what in hip uptown New York circles is known as the "house freak". Young, straightforwardly hip and open about drugs, the underground and progressive/radical politics, the "freak" with his long hair and his non-competitive attitudes treads an often narrow ledge with management. On the one hand they respect and need his understanding of what is a growing sector of their "public"—for example, it is estimated that half the nation's moviegoers are 25 and under. On the other, his physical appearance is disturbingly different from the traditional cut of

“
Pop record companies
sometimes invite hip
youngsters in from the street
for a smoke and a verdict
on a new disc
”

business men, his tendency to attribute taste, intelligence and dignity to the masses comes a little hard to organizations schooled in hard sell and accustomed to simple financial evaluations and, most difficult for him, he is often suspected of wanting to "take over and radicalize" the organization. But then, this is a fear the business world shares with various sectors of the country.

A motion picture public relations man recently complained to me about his troubles with expense accounts following a cross-country tour with a film hero of the "now" generation. He had purchased a substantial quantity of marijuana for his client from a university student and, without receipts to prove the transaction took place, was worried that he would not be reimbursed. Similarly "pop" music recording firms have close contacts with marijuana, and not only their artistes (the legal difficulties of the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Jefferson Airplane attest to their involvement with marijuana) but also young

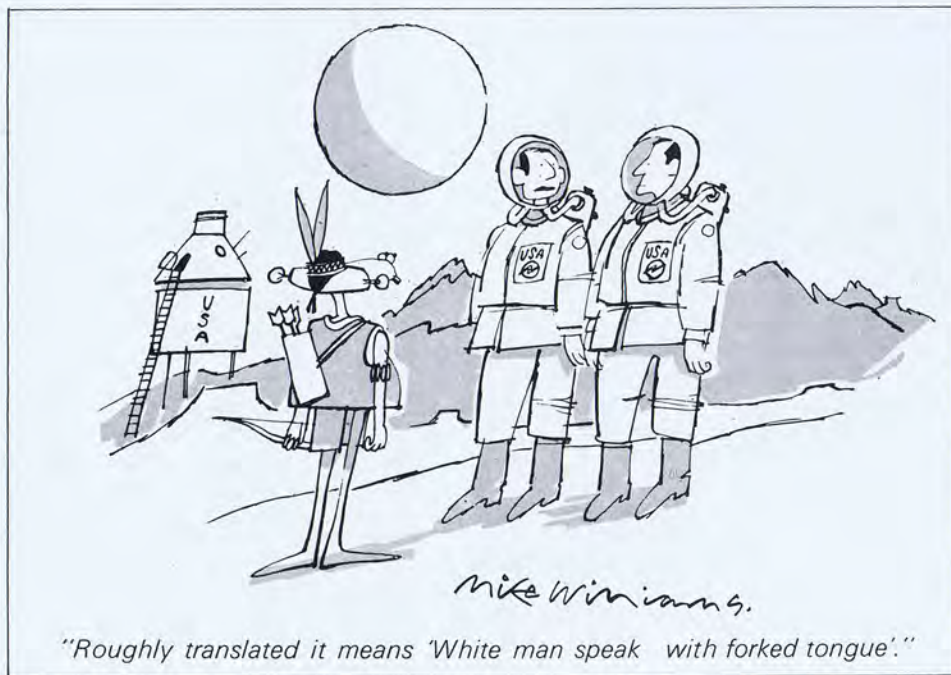
journalists involved in the pop world are more than happy to be turned on as part of their professional relationship. Moreover it is not an uncommon practice (analogous to "sneak previews" in the movie world) for a record company to invite a chance group of "hip" young people from the street in for a "smoke" and a listen to a new record in order to get grass-root opinions.

Though marijuana has always been smoked in the United States, in the recent past it has been a covert pleasure, a secret rite among discreet initiates. For the many people who might have tried it before, the severe legislation passed in the 1930s under the authorship of Harry J. Anslinger, the first director of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, was sufficient deterrent. Mr Anslinger succeeded in convincing legislators and law enforcement agencies that the use of marijuana would lead to violent crimes, prostitution, and madness. The present reality of "at least 12 million users", not to mention medical studies done at Harvard, Stamford, as well as the report of the British Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence (which concluded "there is no evidence that such activity is causing violent crime or aggressive anti-social behavior, or is producing in otherwise normal people conditions of dependence or psychosis, requiring medical treatment") has put this legislation in somewhat the same category as the "witch hunting" statutes of Salem, Massachusetts.

For better or for worse, in a democracy numbers hold the final say. Twelve million people are now risking decades of imprisonment in order to take marijuana. The use by college and high school students is generally accepted as widespread, and these youngsters will soon be voters. A high-school student in Brooklyn recounted to me how a committee of her classmates requested that they be allowed to smoke marijuana in the teachers' lounge. Their request was denied, not because of the drug involved but because, after all, it was a "faculty" lounge.

As mankind evolves, as the nature of our daily work changes from the physical to the mental, as machines, computers and electronics remove the drudgery from our lives, and as we near the magical marking place, the beginning of the third millennium of the calendar, it is not, after all, surprising that the human spirit should turn again to those substances and experiences which helped form the basis of our religions at the beginning of our civilization.

Thanks to our mores, and Madison Avenue, "the times they are a-changing" about marijuana. No doubt, in their characteristically slow way, the laws will follow. 



How many Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Even Poland has a humor magazine. We didn't, until the National Lampoon.

In April, our first issue confronts the sexual revolution and asks the question, "Sex—Filth or Dirt?" Find the answer in:

Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll

Dedicated sexologist Dr. Schoenstein reveals What Goes On When The Shades Go Down as he interviews every "Harris" in the Yonkers phone directory.

White House Romance

David and Julie find out, almost too late, that even at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue there's still room for... *White House Heartbreak*.

The Kuku Sutra

Amateur love machine Roger Price describes 346 new positions he recently uncovered in the pleasure temples of Bangor, Maine.

Mondo Perverto Magazine

Read all about real courage in the gripping story of an unknown starlet who confesses *I Gave My Heart To Save Eleanor Roosevelt!*

Sex Through the Ages

Professor Richard Armour holds you spellbound as he weaves the tale of its invention, improvement, and eventual obsolescence. Plus fifty—count'em—fifty puns on "fig leaf."

The Pornocopia

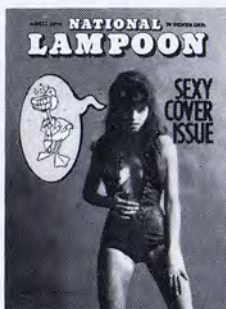
A stylistic analysis of all those books you threw out the day of your marriage. (You *did* throw them out, didn't you?)

The Love-Letters of Aristotle Onassis

Can a millionairess find happiness with a billionaire twice her ostensible age? A remembrance.

The Great American Dirty Joke

Did you hear the one about the eskimo and the crippled giraffe? Well, it seems...



Oh! Hefner!

This issue has a fold-out to sell lots of copies (and, of course, satirize PLAYBOY).

Normal Rockwell's Erotic Drawings

A rather small portfolio.

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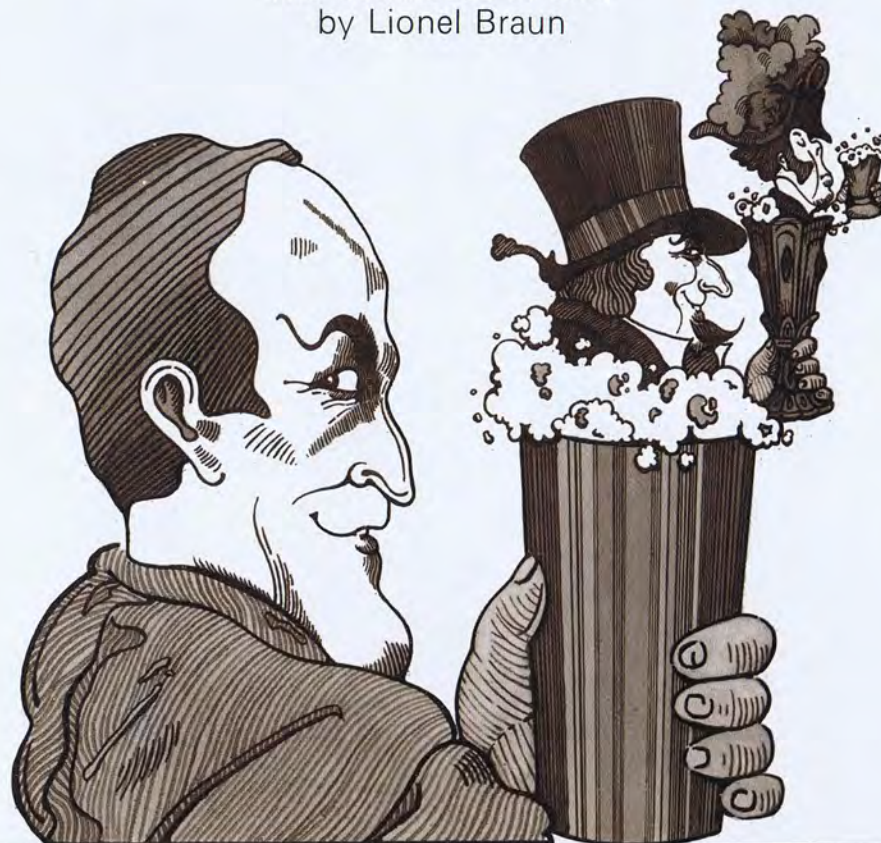
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SERMON ON MALT

The beatitudes of beer
by Lionel Braun



Dear Friends: I am a little man, given very little notice, to deliver a brief discourse on a big subject to a thin congregation, and from an ever worthy pulpit. My text is:

"MALT",

which I cannot divide into words, as it is but one, nor into syllables, as it is but one. Therefore of necessity, I am compelled to reduce it into letters which I find to be:

M-A-L-T.

M, my friends, is Moral. A is Allegorical. L is Literal. T is Theological. The moral set forth is to teach good drinking manners. Therefore: M—my Masters. A—All of you. L—Listen. T—to my Text.

The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another is intended: the thing expressed is MALT, the thing signified is the oil of malt, which you Bacchanals make: M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, T—your Text.

The Literal is according to the letter: M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Thrift.

The Theological is according to the effects it produces, which I find consist of two kinds. The first respects this life; the second, that which is to come.

The effects it produces in this world are in some: M—Murder, A—Adultery,

L—Licentious Lives, T—Treason. The effects consequent in the world to come are: M—Misery, A—Anguish, L—Lamentation, T—Torment.

Thus dear readers, having briefly opened and explained my short text, give me leave to make a little use and improvement of the foregoing: M—My Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—Tastefulness.

From the beginning of civilization beer has been recorded in all languages. The Kaffir races of Africa made and still make a beer from millet. The natives of Ethiopia enjoy a fermented beverage called Bousa. Even the Russian Kvass from rye, the Chinese Samshu and Japanese Sake from rice are all beers of ancient origin.

History has demonstrated the importance of beer to man, recording it as a key item in man's diet from ancient days until today.

Out of the ruins of ancient Nineveh came ancient cuneiform tablets recording the use of beer as a provision of Noah's Ark; and it is believed that beer was already an ancient beverage at the time. Archaeologists from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City advanced that idea when they discovered a small wooden model of a

brewery, dating back to 2000 B.C., while scientists of the University of Pennsylvania set the historic date of brewing even farther back to 4200 B.C. when they discovered a similar model in clay.

With the spread of civilization, so spread the enjoyment offered to man by the golden brew. The Romans of Julius Caesar's time had their beer and called it *cerevisia*, naming it after their goddess of grain, Ceres. This refers to the grain base of beer, and the early association of brewing and baking as companion arts of the kitchen as beer was a fermented by-product of bread.

By 800 A.D., nearly all the early European breweries were operated by monasteries, which produced large quantities of beer under the supervision of monk masterbrewers. In England where "beer" means ale in the same bigoted way "beer" means lager in America, ale had its great growth during the days of the empire. History tells us that a regular brew could not survive shipment around the Cape to India, so a lustier brew was fixed, called India Ale. The use of beer was also popular at Anglo-Saxon wedding parties, where the bride would fill the tankards of celebrants as she accepted their wed-

ding gifts. Thus, the word "bridal" allegedly developed out of that old bride-ale custom.

During the era of exploration beer was considered such an essential to the diet that voyagers would never take a long sea trip without an abundant supply aboard. Beer played an important part in the landing of the Pilgrims in America. Had it not been for the diminishing supply on the Mayflower, the ship might have landed at some harbor in Virginia rather than at Plymouth, Massachusetts. For, according to a journal kept by one of the passengers: "We could not now take time for further search or consideration: our victuals having been much spent, especially our beer." From the same period dates the romance of John Alden, a young cooper or keeper of the Pilgrims' beer kegs, later immortalized in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Later in colonial America, beer was still brewed in the home. George Washington and Patrick Henry each had a secret family recipe for it. Washington's was found in his own handwriting in a small handbook he used when he headed a Virginia regiment in the 1770s, and it is now preserved in the New York Public Library.

Beer is also one of the world's great seasoning agents, the key to a multitude of exciting dishes. The alcohol in beer evaporates in cooking, leaving only the delicate flavor of malt and hops to intrigue the gourmet. It's been said that some of the best cooking is the simplest. And if ever there was a recipe to prove the point for all time, it is the beer batter made famous at my favorite restaurant, Stonehenge Inn in Ridgefield, Connecticut. As perfected by Chef Albert Stockli, this is a featured item on the restaurant's entrée, Fresh Brook Trout in Beer Batter. Mr Stockli also recommends tiny oysters, bay scallops, cauliflowers, green beans, chicken pieces and even nasturtium petals dipped in beer batter and deep-fried for a minute or two.

The recipe for the beer batter is so easy, it's unbelievable: a cup of flour, a can of beer, a pinch of salt and a dash of paprika for color. The stark simplicity illuminates several of the unique qualities beer contributes to cooking. The natural ingredients in beer blend with flour alone to add all the flavor and chemical action required of a perfect batter. Beer eliminates the need for eggs, so the batter does not absorb the frying oil. The yeast in beer acts as leavening agent and the batter clings to the food to form a true protective bond. The final product is richly brown, crisp and crackly on the outside while the food inside remains moist, juicy and tender.

A word about my friend Albert. There are those people who insist that Albert Stockli is the greatest chef in the world. I am confident he is the world's most versatile, imaginative and original cooking artist. He can cook in any language—from Ancient Babylonia to space-age America. Yet his philosophy of cooking is the height of simplicity: "No matter what you do in life, you eat every day. So what could be more important than making that daily experience a joy, an adventure, an excitement, a rejuvenation?" These words come from a man who guided the opening of such famous restaurants as Four Seasons, Forum of the XII Caesars, Tower Suite, Brasserie, and Charlie Brown's. Recognized as an international authority on food, Stockli has received many awards and honors. He is *Commandeur des Cordons Bleus*, *Chevalier du Tastevin* and *Confrere de la Chaine des Rotisseurs*.

He has studied the use of beer in early American cooking in such popular dishes as beer soups and breads. He has also done some fascinating research on the use of beer in recipes of the Portuguese whalers that sailed from New England about 1840 to 1860 and brought back exotic spices from their travels. Those spices were used to prepare New England curries filled with the olives those daring fishermen loved, plus the wonderful flavor of beer.



STONEHENGE BEER BATTER FOR TROUT

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon paprika
1 (12 oz.) can or bottle beer
4-6 trout
Salt
Lemon juice
Oil for deep frying

Place flour in mixing bowl. Add paprika and salt. Gradually add beer, beating until batter is smooth and thin. Sprinkle trout with salt and lemon juice, inside and out. Dip lightly in flour and then draw whole fish carefully through the beer batter until completely coated. Drop into hot oil (400°F.) and cook, turning once, about 3 or 4 minutes or until crackly brown. Drain on absorbent towels. Skim off any bits of batter on top of cooking oil before repeating.

Note: This beer batter is superb for shrimp, other fish and seafood, chicken, onion rings, mushrooms and many raw vegetables.

PARTRIDGE, HUNTER'S STYLE

4 partridges	1 cup chicken broth
Salt and pepper	4 carrots, sliced
4 cups shredded cabbage	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon crushed thyme
4 slices cooked bacon crumbled	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon crushed tarragon
16 large cabbage leaves	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

Sprinkle partridges inside and out with salt and pepper. Combine shredded cabbage and bacon. Spoon a fourth of the mixture into cavity of each bird. Wrap each with 4 cabbage leaves and fasten with string. Place in a large skillet; add butter, chicken broth (canned or made with 1 chicken bouillon cube and 1 cup hot water) and remaining ingredients. Bring liquid to boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 25 to 30 minutes, or until tender. Remove string and cabbage leaves. Serve with sauce in pan, buttered noodles, spiced crabapples and ale or beer. Makes 4 servings.

STEAK WITH BEER SAUCE

U.S.D.A. choice sirloin or T-bone steaks, 1 per person	1 clove garlic, crushed
1 cup dark molasses	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup prepared mustard
1 cup chili sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup instant minced onion
1 teaspoon soy sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Michelob

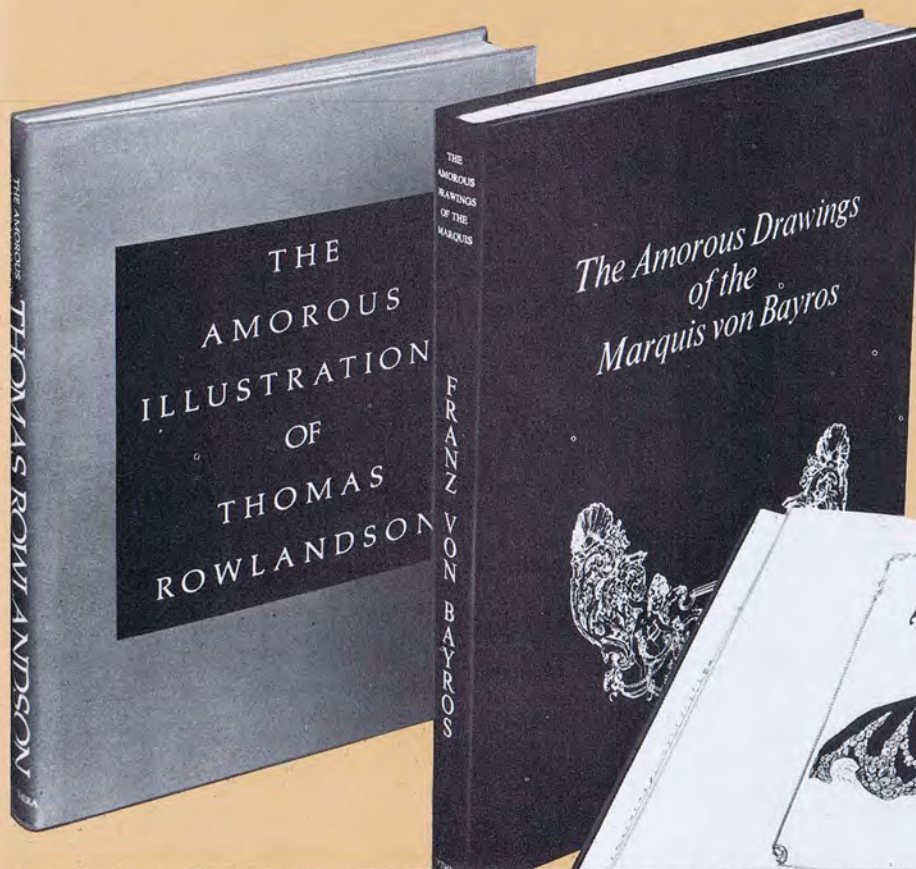
Place all ingredients except the beer and meat in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring well. Reduce heat and simmer for about five minutes. Allow to cool then stir in the beer.

Grill steaks over bed of solid coals, basting often with the sauce. When done according to "order", place on platters and pour warm basting sauce over each. Serve immediately.

SHRIMP IN BEER

2 pounds raw shrimp, shelled and deveined	2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons minced onion	1 cup Michelob
4 tablespoons butter	3 tablespoons lemon juice
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt	1 bay leaf
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme
	2 teaspoons minced parsley

Wash and dry shrimp. Sauté shrimp and onion in butter for one minute on each side. Add salt, Tabasco and flour; add beer and lemon juice, stirring constantly to the boiling point. Add bay leaf and thyme, cook over low heat five minutes. Discard bay leaf. Serve with picks as an appetizer. Yield: 8 to 10 servings. 



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"Can't see what all the fuss is about—you've had D.T.'s before!"

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF A MONIFICENT SOVEREIGN THIS HOUSE
WAS BUILT BY JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH & TO HIS WIFE
SARAH, BY SH. 1700-1701 BETWEEN THE YEARS 1703 AND 1722
AND THE ROYAL MANSION OF WOODSTOCK TOGETHER WITH A
GRANT OF £240,000 TOWARDS THE BUILDING OF ST. GEORGE'S
HALL GIVEN BY HER MAJESTY QUEEN ANNE AND CONFIRMED
BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN 1704 ANNE 11 TO THE SAID JOHN
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND TO ALL HIS ISSUE MALE AND
FEMALE LINEALLY DESCENDING.



NO ENTRY
ALL VISITORS
PROHIBITED

WINDSOR CASTLE
WINDSOR GREAT DOOR

WHERE TRADITION TELLS

Despite the far-flung fame and influence of Carnaby Street fashions it's an illusion that way-out gear has become the new norm for the British male. The elegance of classical styles is too enduring to be lightly discarded, least of all in a country where tradition is cherished as though it were the constitution. The fact is that classical styles don't date, and changes when they happen are subtle. Today these clothes are closer fitting than they used to be, and made in softer fabrics that flatter the figure. Other changes involve construction and brighter colors.

Opposite & right: Grey tweed plus-two suit for hunting, shooting and fishing by Take Six. Also available with flared trousers and turnups.



Hacking jacket (*above*) and riding outfit in setting of 17th century stables of nearby Bear Hotel at Woodstock, Blenheim's village. Breeches are lightweight. Outfit is from London's Austin Reed of Regent Street.



FASHION
BY
RODNEY
BENNETT-ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
GRAHAM ATTWOOD

Below: Maxi trench-coat in pigskin with Irish Connemara hat. Fawn trousers are in hand-stitched camel. Coat by Sirela, trousers by Dean Rogers.



To quote English actor John Standing, who models the specimens in these pages: "Extreme styling and excessive colors look bizarre, especially on older chaps." This feeling explains why formal clothes continue

to be preferred by the well-dressed Englishman, and why even the most uninhibited dressers still keep a few classical items in their wardrobe. Besides, the classics are so versatile. Riding macs are no longer just for

Below (top left): Formerly casual, now casually formal, classic British blazer and fawn trousers. The blazer and silk tie are from Aquascutum and the Dean Rogers trousers are in bird's eye velvet.

Top right: Mid-thigh length topcoat with velvet collar and black knee-length boots under tweed trousers. Moss Bros. coat, Take Six trousers, Chelsea

Cobbler boots.

Bottom: Country formal suit in Prince of Wales check, worn with wide-brimmed hat. Suit by Cecil Gee.

Opposite: Country practical. White riding mac—the original waterproof—called Yeo. Worn with polo-necked Arran sweater, tweed cap, and Dunlop Wellingtons. Mac from Cording's of Piccadilly.









Opposite: For exotic evenings, gold two-piece wrap-over outfit by Michael St John with gold cord embroidery and waist sash fastening. A breakout for late-night revellers.

riding, blazers no longer just for regatta weeks, and sports jackets no longer for sports.

John Standing, known to U.K. TV fans for his role in the historical series *The Early Churchills*, says he prefers formal clothes to casual ones, which made him a sympathetic choice for wearing the classical English items displayed here, particularly as the pictures were photographed in the classical setting of Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire, ancestral home of the Churchill family and residence of the Duke of Marlborough. One of England's most magnificent stately homes, Blenheim is known to thousands of American tourists, for whom it's a must outing on an English visit.

To star in these Penthouse pictures, Standing had to be whisked away from his starring role in London's West End, where he is currently playing opposite Margaret Leighton in *Girlfriend*. His smartness in these clothes comes from their English understatement. As Hardy Amies, internationally successful English designer, puts it: "A man should look as if he had bought his clothes with intelligence, put them on with care, and then forgotten all about them." 



This page, top: Formality with style. Black velvet evening suit by John Michael with lace jabot shirt. *This page, bottom:* Classic informality. Daks' three-button Mowbray jacket in Scottish wool check. Worn with blue Daks trousers to coordinate with blue overcheck of jacket, and Shetland crew-neck sweater. Seen in lounge of Bear Hotel.

Note: Other London suppliers of items worn in this feature are T. Elliott & Sons, Rowe's of Bond Street, Russell & Bromley (shoes and boots); Turnbull & Asser, Cockell & Johnson, Viyella (shirts and ties); Lillywhite's (socks); Herbert Johnson (hats).



A HUNTING WE WILL GO

THE STORY THUS FAR: With a gigantic inheritance in hard currency, 19-year-old **Wanda von Kreesus** is embarked on an evil plan to dominate the world's leaders via blackmail. Aided by her nymphet companion **Candyfloss** she has already taken care of the President of France, the Prime Minister of Britain, and the American President. Next in line is West Germany's Chancellor **Fartlauder**. In Bonn, Candyfloss sends a friendly note to this former patron of the Ballet Rose, but the cautious kraut orders his young security chief, Rudi Bonenkruncher, to screen the Rosebud first. The girls turn the tables on Rudi who, under duress, reveals that **Fartlauder** had been the secret lover of **Irma Greese**, sadistic Monster of the Concentration Camps. The girls helicopter back to the *schloss*, taking the captive Rudi with them (to Candyfloss's delight) as a living tool to enforce the Chancellor's future compliance. **NOW READ ON!**

When Wanda arrived at the *schloss* she at once called Sebastian Sapiens, up in his Operations Room at the top of the West Tower, and told him to stand by for a major briefing at 08.00 hours. She then ordered the 37-strong domestic staff out of bed to a line-up in the Great Hall, walked slowly along their ranks, subjecting each face in turn to the penetrating scrutiny of her cold green eyes, sacked 11 of the more anxious-looking servants on the spot (including her father's 92-year-old former nanny, who had hoped to spin out her last few years in the only home she had known since childhood) and, thus comforted and in good fettle, retired to the Pink Boudoir of the Velvet Suite to grab a few hours' kip.

The first thing Candyfloss did was to have the anaesthetized Rudi Bonenkruncher carried from the helicopter to a guest-cell adjacent to the torture chamber, where he was once again fettered, on his back, to the four bedposts and injected with a solution of benzedrine and crushed reindeer horn. When he blinked open his pale blue eyes, the nymphet was admiring her rear view in the mirrored wall facing the foot of the bed. As well she might, for she was dressed in a formal hunting costume, elegantly tailored but *circa* 1909 in style, with a snowy stock at the neck of her hunting "pink" and a full skirt flaring from her nipped-in waist to the top of her laced-up riding boots. Her blonde tresses were tucked up inside a hard top-hat of the period, tipped at an angle that would have had her drummed out of the Pitchley or the

Quorn on sight.

She greeted the goggling Westapo boss with a playful cut of her quirt across the sole of his left foot.

"Like the gear, Rudi? The fancy took me to ride sidesaddle this fine raw morning."

"Morning?" squawked Rudi, glancing at the barred window of the cell. "It's pitch dark out there!"

"Twill be morning ere I dismount, Rudikins," the nymphet chirped. "And I observe"—another gay flick of her quirt—"my mettlesome steed is already rearin' to go. Come let me essay a brief fanfare on the horn—'pour encourager les hauteurs', as it were."

Sebastian Sapiens was feeding the latest fat-stock prices from Copenhagen into one of his mighty array of computers when Wanda strode briskly into the Operations Room, right on the stroke of 08.00 hours. The stunning brunette looked refreshed and alert from her few hours' sleep—and every inch the elegant female executive in her form-fitting black two-piece, tailored from the flayed epidermis of a Senegalese wrestler.

"How's it going, Sappy?" she sang out. "Those friggin' robots of yours still turning us over a buck or two?"

"The assets of the von Kreesus empire," Sebastian intoned, turning to greet her, "have, from the moment you entered up till"—he glanced at one of the 50-odd Local Standard Time clocks on the wall—"now, appreciated by precisely 23,281 dollars and 19 cents. Even at the rate you are spreading the cabbage around, M'selle Wanda," he added dryly, "I am not unduly perturbed concerning the liquidity of our financial position."

"Groovy!" his young mistress snapped. "Feed my compliments to the robots some time . . . Now to other matters. Have you any idea, Eggbonce, how many physically fit butch lesbians there are in the world—between the ages of 16 and 45?"

Pursing his lips, Sapiens strode to his Statistics Bank, moved the selector-control first to Anthropology, then to

Females (Census and W.H.O.), then to Inverts (National Samples and Returns). With a quick glance at the card that popped straight out into his hand, he sat down at one of his smaller computers and tapped out what seemed to Wanda, peering over his shoulder, to be a string of Aztec hieroglyphics. The computer gave a startled blink, followed by a prim little electronic grunt, then stuck out a thin tongue of tape.

"The answer, M'selle," Sebastian said, "comes out around two-and-a-half million—give or take fifty thousand one way or the other. We are assuming you mean only hard-core, unregenerate butch-dykes?"

"I'm certainly not interested in neuters, part-timers or bi-sexuals. Out of that two-and-a-half millions, Sappy, I want you to find me 500 who've had modern army or air-force training. Can do?"

"It shouldn't be difficult, M'selle. Any preference regarding nationality?"

"Mix 'em. Russian, Israeli, Swedish, Cuban, American—the best you can find. Sign 'em up for two years, on U.N. pay and allowances, plus a loss-of-puss bonus. I want—"

"Er—one moment, please," Sebastian interrupted. "What kind of bonus was that?"

"Loss-of-puss," Wanda repeated, with a show of impatience. "They'll have to do without their little dollies while they're training."

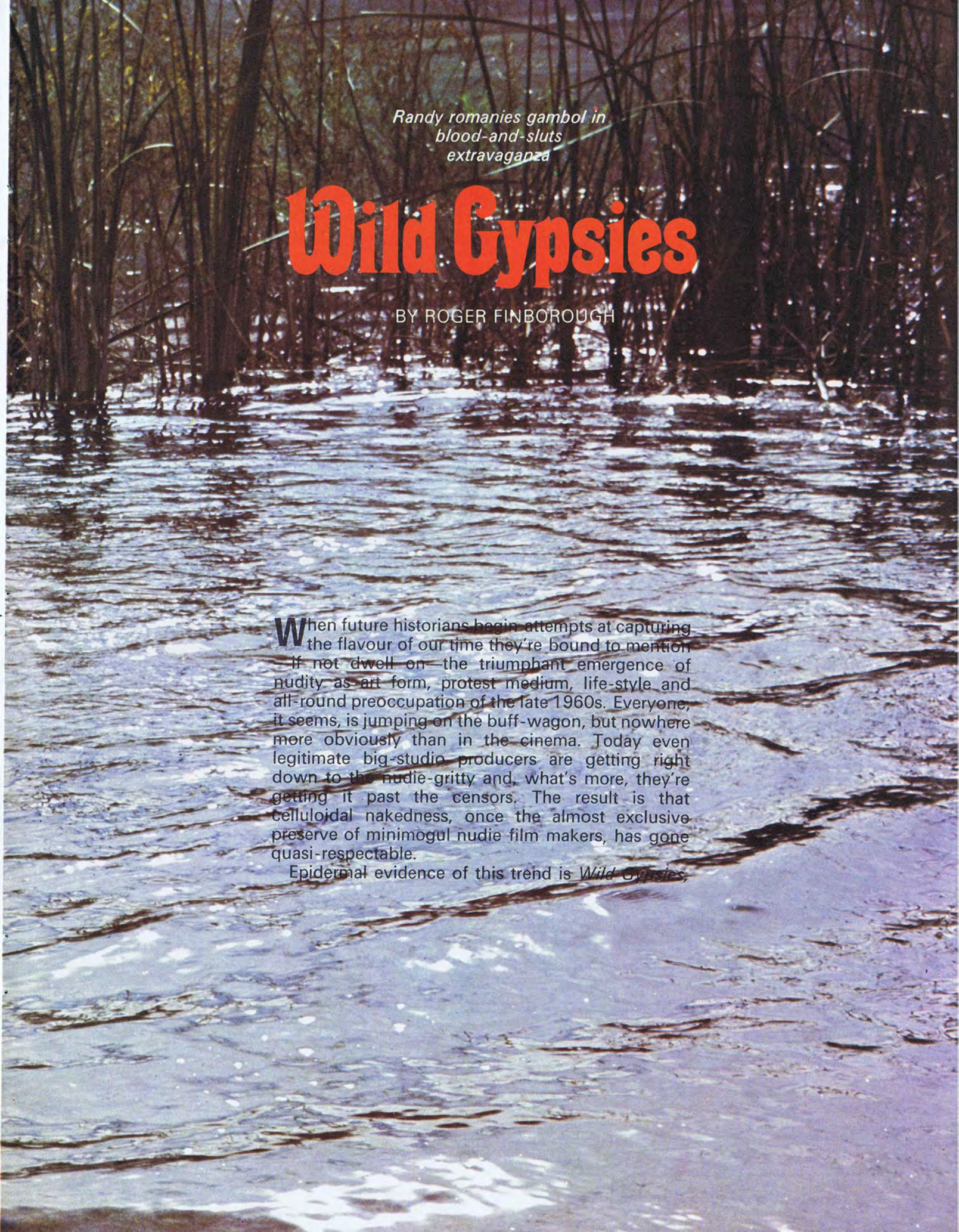
"For what, might I ask?"

"You'd better call it a privately sponsored Swiss Peace Corps for the moment. I want the East Wing of the schloss converted into living quarters for the 500 muff-divers, and a parade-ground, firing range and heliport set up in the grounds. Spare no expense to get the place ready and the butches installed as soon as possible. I want to find all that done by the time I get back."

"Off again, then?" Sebastian murmured.

Wanda nodded. "I've a little business to transact in Moscow and Peking. Which reminds me—who's our personal gremlin in the Kremlin?"





*Randy romanes gambol in
blood-and-sluts
extravaganza*

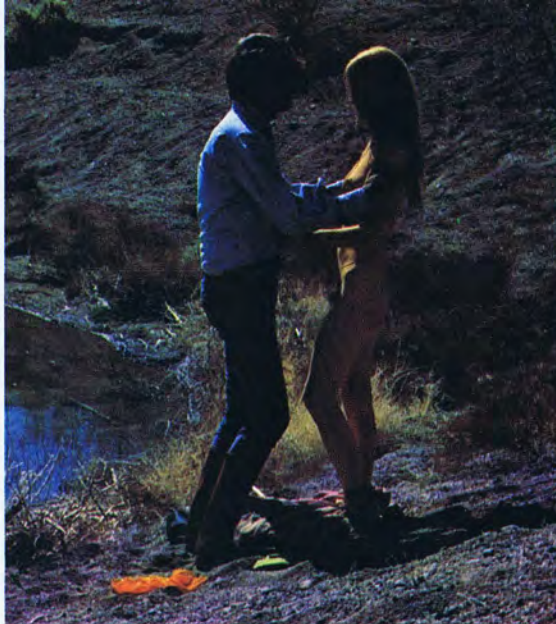
Wild Gypsies

BY ROGER FINBOROUGH

When future historians begin attempts at capturing the flavour of our time they're bound to mention — if not dwell on — the triumphant emergence of nudity as art form, protest medium, life-style and all-round preoccupation of the late 1960s. Everyone, it seems, is jumping on the buff-wagon, but nowhere more obviously than in the cinema. Today even legitimate big-studio producers are getting right down to the nudie-gritty and, what's more, they're getting it past the censors. The result is that celluloidal nakedness, once the almost exclusive preserve of minimogul nudie film makers, has gone quasi-respectable.

Epidermal evidence of this trend is *Wild Gypsies*,

Aquatic altogetherness for amorous Anton and shapely Sylvia, as depicted overleaf, accelerates (*this page*) on dry land, as wanton water babies tire of submerged shenanigans. Culminating clinch (*opposite, bottom*) raises question: would blondie have been so eager if she'd known about Anton's dirk-wielding after-play as discovered by Marguerite (*opposite, top*)?



this month's opus of the altogether, which boasts theft, drunkenness, four seduction scenes, one near-rape and—wait for it—five murders. Produced by Paul Mart, whose previous features have included such cinematic millstones as *Beauty and the Body* and *Sinderella and the Golden Bra*, the film sports a blood-and-sluts plot that doesn't mess around . . .

Anton, an always uncouth, frequently undressed type who has been drummed out of the caravan for conduct unbecoming a nude gypsy, returns under cover of darkness to have his wicked way with Marguerite. His manly passion spent, Anton then proceeds to stab his mistress in the navel, which presumably is the gypsy equivalent of rolling over and lighting a cigarette. Murder number one.

Understandably, Marguerite's family and friends are cross as two sticks at amorous absent Anton, and vow revenge. They hitch up the horses and move out smartly in pursuit. But gypsies will be gypsies, and the hot-blooded posse gets sidetracked time and time again by seductions,





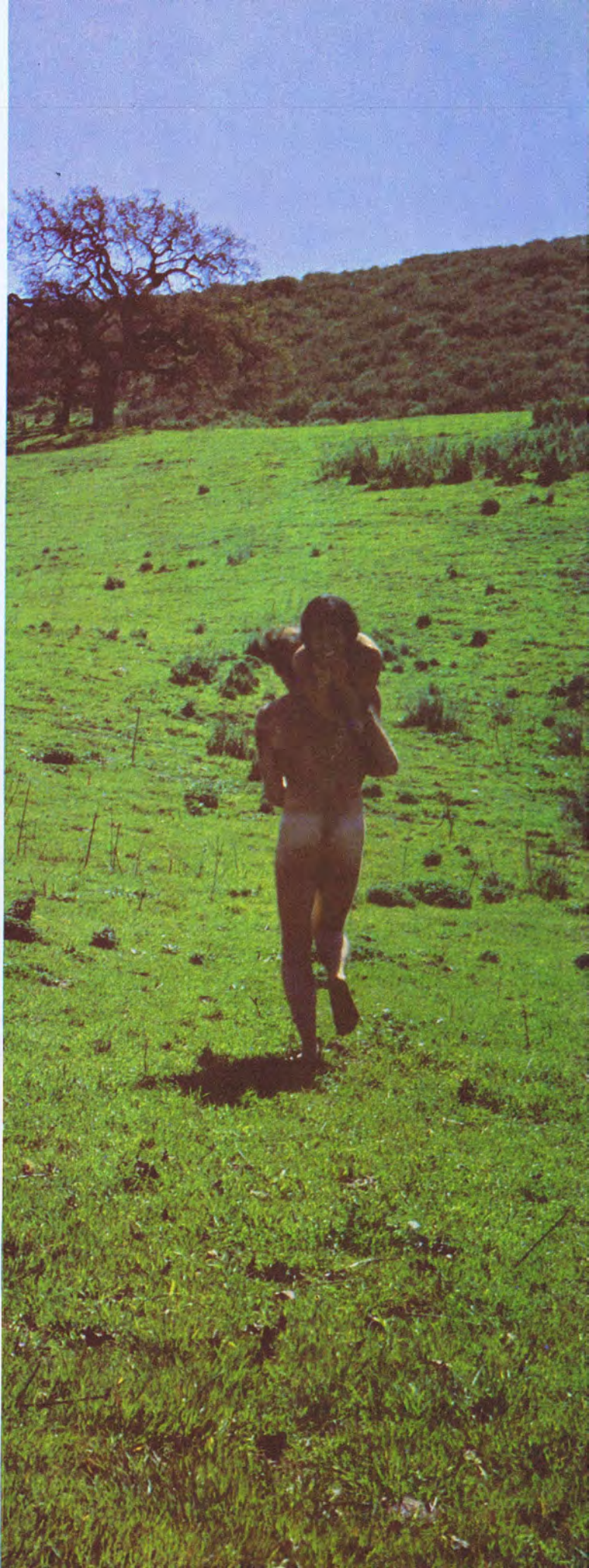
thefts, kidnappings, fortune-tellings and three more mysterious murders by stabbing. Although the wounds on these occasions are not in the region of the navel, Anton is still suspected. Give a gypsy a bad name . . .

Meanwhile, back at the caravan Marguerite's brother, the grumpy, oft-garbled Juan, has hit on a plan for snaring the elusive Anton: aware of Anton's partiality for white non-gypsy girls, Juan puts the snatch on one and bruits his possession of her about the countryside. Sure enough, Anton proves unable to resist the luscious lure. That very night, unsuspecting and besotted with lust, he sneaks up on the caravan, only to be terminally zapped by the wily, waiting Juan.

The denouement is a two-fisted plea for equal rights for gypsies. You guessed it—Juan and the beautiful white girl marry, and rightly so—anybody who takes care of a navel-stabber deserves to be happy.



Disrobed duo Juan and Maria (*opposite, top*) show their heels—and much else—to pursuers, later find sanctuary (*bottom left*) in straw-lined barn, oblivious of randy romany matriarch's peeping (*bottom right*). *Below*: Gypsy blood is abundantly evident. *Right*: Gravity as well as convention is defied by gypsy bird-toting techniques.





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Few murderers are sex fiends, and most murders are committed by someone fairly close to the victims—their spouses, siblings, longtime friends, lovers. Murder and sex, nonetheless, are hardly infrequent bedmates. Some of the most gruesome slayings in history have been primarily due to sexual promptings, particularly among multiple or mass killers. If we dig even a little deeply into the basic impulses of some famous plural slaughterers we often find significant sex tie-ups.

A few cases in point:

John Reginald Halliday Christie was hanged in London in July 1953 for having murdered at least six women. He supposedly raped his victims at the moment of or immediately after death. When examined by a psychiatrist, he was found to be "sexually immature," partly because he obtained satisfaction only with a completely unresponsive partner—which meant one who was

either unconscious or dead.

Vacher the Ripper committed more murders than the more famous Jack the Ripper, since he slew at least eleven victims and quite probably twice that number. On March 20, 1894, he launched his career of murder, as R. E. L. Masters and Edward Lee tell us in their book *Sex Crimes in History* "by strangling a 21-year-old girl, cutting her throat, trampling on her abdomen, tearing pieces of flesh from her breasts, and, finally, violating her corpse."

Vincent Verzeni committed two murders and attempted several others, usually including vampirism in his crimes. He started to experience sex pleasure at the age of 12, when wringing the necks of chickens. He said of himself: "I had an unspeakable delight in strangling women, experiencing during the act erections and real sexual pleasure. The feeling of pleasure while strangling them was much greater than

that which I experienced while masturbating. I took great delight in drinking [Johanna] Motta's blood."

Albert Fish killed and ate between eight and 15 children and drank their blood. He also castrated a number of boys. He was found, by examining psychiatrists, to be "a coprophage, or eater of excrements; a pedophile and nymphophile; a masochist, who inserted needles into his body and flagellated himself with a paddle studded with nails; and . . . a sadist, vampire, cannibal, and lust-murderer."

Peter Kurten, a resident of Dusseldorf in 1899, was found guilty of nine murders and seven attempted murders. When he was 13 or 14 he strangled a squirrel and experienced orgasm as a result. He then engaged in many acts of bestiality but when that pastime paled he began to torture animals and to experience orgasms when stabbing pigs

THE SEXUAL CRIMINAL

What ails him and what could restrain him?
by Albert Ellis Ph.D.



and sheep. He throttled several of his human victims while having coitus with them; it was the sight of their blood that brought on his orgasm.

Neville Heath, executed in 1946 in England for the murder of five or more females, whipped and beat his main victims, slashed and bit them in order to mutilate them, bit the nipples from their breasts, and tore at their vaginas with a knife or poker, preferably while his victims remained conscious and suffering. He paused frequently during his murderous procedures to revel in the agonies of his victims.

In his famous book, *In Cold Blood*, Truman Capote gives a detailed history of the case of Richard Eugene Hickock and Perry Edward Smith, two Kansas killers who murdered Mr & Mrs Herbert W. Clutter and their young son and daughter. Capote informs us that Dick Hickock was a pedophile who mainly went to the Clutter house with Smith in order to rape their 15-year-old virgin daughter.

Richard Speck, who killed eight nurses in Chicago on the night of July 13, 1966, was a depressed, suicidal individual addicted to alcohol, sodium amytal, and sodium seconal. He had felt, during most of his life, that his sex relations with women were not satisfactory and that he couldn't stand them displaying any form of sexual looseness. As a result of his all-pervading suspiciousness of females, he was antagonistic to them and was often on the verge of committing a sexual assault.

Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, the infamous Moors murderers, were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for the killing of three children and were probably implicated in the slaying and torture of at least a half dozen more youngsters over a five-year period. D. L. Champion, in *The Sexual Psychopath*, tells of some of the tape recording that they made of one of their crimes: "The tape was unique. It recorded the minute details of the perverted rape, torture, and death of a twelve-year-old girl. Her agonized cries were interspersed with profane injunctions and ecstatic moans from the Torquemadas who slowly killed her . . . The agonized cries, the pleading, the rattle of death itself, was the point of it all. Listening to the awful sound of a human being *in extremis* was, to Brady and his mistress, a far more powerful aphrodisiac than cantharides."

Peter Manuel, born in New York in 1927 of working-class Scottish parents who had just emigrated there, committed at least nine wanton murders. Franklin notes "Manuel was not in any way a womanizer. In fact he was shy with women and did not associate with them much. This feeling of sexual inadequacy led him to commit indecent assaults and

rapes . . . With a score of nine certain murders, Manuel takes his place well up among the world's multiple killers. It is very probable that killing gave him some sexual satisfaction. Most of his victims were women and he had a habit of removing some part of their most intimate clothing."

The accused murderers of the Hollywood actress, Sharon Tate, of several of her house guests, and an undetermined number of other people were not, if they actually did these deeds, sex killers in the usual sense of the word. At the alleged command of Charles Manson, an apparently uniquely deranged individual, they presumably murdered to help him in his plan of getting back at society and of triggering a major war between blacks and whites. But the four girls indicted for these killings—Susan Denise Atkins, 21, Linda Louise Kasabian, 20, Leslie Sankston, 19, and Patricia Krenwinkel, 21—had a strange relationship with Manson that amounted to voluntary sex enslavement; and it was because of this relationship that they allegedly killed.

According to the stories of Susan Atkins, of several other of Manson's girls, and of acquaintances who knew his "family" quite well, Manson would use his glib tongue and his hypnotic eyes to attach to himself a bevy of hippie girls who frequent various parts of California. He initiated new girls by having all-day sex marathons with them. He then broke down their restraints, assuming they by that time had any left, by ordering them to participate in group orgies or to copulate with specific men whom he designated (and from whom he often got return favors). He brooked no opposition to his orders, treated his group of girls as cattle or squaws, and excommunicated any who complained. He sometimes had six or seven male members in his "family" group and four times as many girls. The "family" slept on communal mattresses and the males got females as gifts from Manson. He and his choice of the evening, however, slept separately in a room of their own. Although he seems to have been, for the most part, intensely unloving, in any usual sense of the word love, Susan Atkins described him as "a wonderful man who has preached about God and tried to convert people. Charlie is in love with us and we're all in love with each other." This same Miss Atkins, however, wrote: "Charlie and Tex [who allegedly was a central figure in the Tate murders] told me that I would be killed if I betrayed their trust. Charlie told me many times: "Sadie [her nickname in the group], you've been with me two years now. For a long time. If you ever decide to leave, I'll take you and hang you upside down, and slit your throat and use you as an example for everybody else." But it made no difference to me.

Charlie was me, and I was Charlie, and all of us were one at the ranch."

All this sounds very bloody and very sexy. Yet due allowances for exaggeration, and even downright prevarication, should be made in most of these famous murder cases. For one thing, not all accused, nor even all convicted, "murderers" are truly guilty. After one of the most famous French experts on poisoning, Docteur Bérout, testified in court that Marie Besnard's husband, mother, father, other relatives, and two acquaintances, or a total of 13 people, had been lying in their graves for varying lengths of time with large quantities of arsenic in their remains, Mme Besnard was indicted for murder, spent five years in prison, had three trials over a period of 12 years, and was finally acquitted after the expert's evidence was proven wrong. After George Whitmore Jr. was arrested for and confessed in detail to the brutal New York killing of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, and after he was scheduled for almost certain conviction and electrocution, Richard Robles confessed to, and was later convicted and sentenced for, this same murder.

So even tried and convicted "murderers" may finally be found to be mislabelled; and the "sexy" rampages of some true murderers are doubtless partial fabrications, since there is nothing the reading public seems to be more attracted to than a killer who rapes or genitally mutilates his victims, and witnesses and reporters can be maddeningly corroborative of the most dramatically chilling "facts". Still, despite all the front-page hullabaloo when an editor sniffs the slightest hint of a link between murder and sex, some semblance of reality unfortunately remains. People do murder sometimes for clearly sexual reasons.

Obviously a sexually aroused individual is often a screwball; or, as the old proverb sayeth, "a stiff prick has no conscience." But one would think—at least one would *want* to think—that the sexual urge, however bizarre it may be at times, would almost always obsess itself with some kind of a *human* fulfillment, and that attaching itself to a dead, or even a bloodily dying, partner would be difficult to conceive, much less execute.

Not so. In normal times, fortunately, blood-lust murders are rare. But what about in times of civil or national strife? What of the Nazis and their "non-Aryan" victims? What of Stalin's soldiers when they finally fought their way to the heart of Germany? What of the ancient and modern Chinese, the Japanese during World War II, and the recent rape murders of all major participants, including the Americans, in the Vietnam holocaust?

Back to the main question: Why does the sex murderer do it? For a number

of reasons, none of which is quite "normal", but all of which are (whether we like to admit it or not) rather typically human. Here are some of the chief causes:

General emotional disturbance. Not all followers of Cain are completely out of their heads: for murder for profit, in an unusual moment of temper, under the influence of alcohol or drugs, for self-protection, and for a number of other at least semi-rational reasons does occur. But John M. Gullo and I, who are soon going to press with a book entitled *Violence, Murder and Assassination* (New York: Lyle Stuart, Inc., 1970), find that the vast majority of all convicted murderers are at least borderline psychotic and that many are outrightly psychotic. Even most of those adjudged to be legally sane and capable of standing trial are frequently as disturbed as they could possibly be; and not a few of them, after conviction, have to be transferred to a mental institution from a regular prison.

Early environment. With relatively few exceptions, sex murderers come from inadequate homes, where economic conditions tend to be poor, where family relations leave much to be desired, where fanaticism and cruelty exist on the part of at least one of the parents, where physical mobility seems to be high, and where various other undesirable conditions are common. It is tempting to believe, with psychoanalytic and sociological thinkers today, that these poor environmental circumstances directly caused the slayer's later problems, but more complicated factors than this are also probably at work. For one thing, the sex killer's parents sometimes seem to have their own propensity for finding and making poor living conditions; and for another, the slayer himself often seems to have had an early tendency to make the very worst of whatever less than ideal situations he found himself in. His dysfunctional reactions to his early environment, therefore, may well stem from a combination of hereditary and social conditioning factors. Like the notorious murderer, Richard Speck, he was probably both born and raised with a predisposition to kill.

Sexual inadequacy. Many murderers have severe ego problems, in that they appear to be exceptionally strong but actually mask by their ruthlessness extreme feelings of personal inadequacy. The typical Hollywood-type "strong man", especially in Western movies, is ready to shoot it out with anyone who even mildly insults him. If he were truly powerful and self-accepting, however, he obviously wouldn't take others' words and gestures so seriously as to risk his life "defending" himself against purely symbolic onslaughts. Similarly, the sex killer often cannot stand the

actual or imagined taunts of those who might know or suspect his weaknesses. Particularly if he views himself as sexually inferior, he may feel compelled to go to great lengths, including rape and murder, to "prove" how "adequate" he really is. John Christie and Peter Manuel probably compensated for their feelings of impotence in this manner; and Melvin Davis Rees, who was convicted of killing a married couple and their two young daughters and suspected of also murdering at least three other young women and of molesting several more, had lost the capacity for regular sex consummation and consequently became obsessed about taking, subduing, and possessing

● The sex killer's parents sometimes seem to have a propensity for making poor living conditions, and the killer may have a tendency to make the worst of them ●



an innocent, helpless victim. Sex killers like Albert Fish likewise seem to be attracted to children rather than to adults because they can easily dupe and handle this kind of "partner" and thereby avoid the deepseated feelings of inadequacy that they would feel with an older individual.

Sexual hostility. Quite frequently, sex fiends are unusually hostile toward members of a particular sex. William George Heirens, sentenced in Chicago to three consecutive life sentences for murdering three women, and also convicted on 26 separate burglary and assault charges, was not a homosexual but did find women repulsive. He scrawled on the mirror of one of his victims, Frances Brown, "For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more. I cannot control myself." Verenzi, Heath, and Speck similarly hated or were over-suspicious of women. Although Jack the Ripper was never caught and some of his contemporary French,

English, and American imitators who also prey on prostitutes are still at large (and our knowledge of their psychological makeup therefore necessarily speculative), there is every reason to believe that extreme hostilities toward women played a large part in their homicidal cruelty.

Erotic slavery. Women who participate in slayings that are tinged with sexuality seem to have a strong propensity to be what I have elsewhere called love slobs: that is, to be desperately attached to and in need of the return affection of some murder-bent male, and to willingly, even eagerly, collaborate with him to prove their overweening devotion to him and their mutual cause. "So hypnotized was Martha [Beck]," Charles Franklin writes, "by the love life which Raymond [Fernandez] held in prospect for her, that she gave up everything, her useful job, her children, in order to be with him. With little hesitation she joined him in his mean and contemptible business of swindling lonely women." Even Pamela Hansford Johnson, who in her book *On Iniquity* is most unsympathetic to Myra Hindley, has to admit that "she came under the thumb of Brady and was consistently depraved by him." Susan Denise Atkins, who has publicly confessed her complicity in the Sharon Tate murders which Charles Manson is accused of masterminding, writes: "One day a little man came in with a guitar and started singing for a group of us in that place where we were living, in Haight-Asbury in San Francisco. Even before I saw him, while I was still in the kitchen, his voice just hypnotized me—mesmerized me. Then I saw him, I fell absolutely in love with him. I found out later his name was Charles Manson. He gave me nothing but love, complete love, gave me the answers to all the questions I've ever had in my mind."

Sexual deviation. Unsurprisingly, sex murderers frequently have some specific addiction to deviate behavior. Not that they necessarily have to be deviants—a "normal" heterosexual male, for example, could have several drinks too many, force a strange girl to have intercourse with him against her will, and then decide to kill her to keep her from later testifying against him. But that's not the way it often happens. Winnie Ruth Judd, who murdered her two closest woman friends, probably out of jealousy over one's attraction to the other, seems to have been a lesbian. Christie was a necrophiliac. Peter Manuel, George William Heirens, and Albert de Salvo (the Boston Strangler) all seem to have been distinct sexual fetishists. Dick Hickock was a pedophile who preferred young teenage girls. A host of sex murderers—including Peter Kurten, Heath, Winston Moseley, Brady and Hindley—have

been pronounced sadists, stimulated sexually by their victims' agonized responses.

Society's contribution to sexual criminality. Although it is still fashionable to lay sex murder at the door of the killer's early upbringing, and thereby to indict his parents and other family members who had the most to do with his rearing, this view has a limited validity. Child rearers obviously live in a specific *culture*: and both they and their offspring are influenced by cultural teachings and values. Western society has been unusually sexually repressive during many centuries and is still hardly released from its puritan heritage. Has its antisexualism contributed significantly to the incidence of lust murder? Most probably, yes; and in a number of interesting ways:

(1) Criminals of all kinds notoriously have low frustration tolerance. But the more foolish restrictions we place on sexual expression, the more needlessly frustrated will all of us tend to be. Those among us who can least stand this frustration will be more prone to break out into self-defeating, bizarre, and sometimes murderous sex behavior. (2) Today's society restricts premarital relations and unrealistically assumes (especially in its films and TV shows) that postmarital sex will be blissful, and will more than compensate for years of prenuptial thwarting. When virtually the opposite commonly happens, and marital sex proves to be something of a fucking bore, resentful individuals such as Christie and de Salvo cannot seem to take the ensuing disillusionment, and seek much more exciting, and sometimes murderous, extramarital pursuits. (3) Modern sex mores surround open sexuality with shamefulness and still inhibit its full verbal and nonverbal expression. It therefore behoves certain bottled-up and overly-cautious individuals to release themselves sexually with perfect strangers or young children with whom they can have forcible sex *without* honest, face-to-face encounters or whom they can later kill and thereby blot out the shame of any direct confrontation that they had in the course of their involuntarily-induced encounters.

(4) Our conventions insist that sex, for the most part, must be rigorously *paid for*: especially by the male, who has to wine and dine his would-be companions, and eventually marry and economically support them and their legal offspring. One violent, if inappropriate, form of rebelling against these conventions is for the individual to take sex without the onerous payments, and this kind of childish rebellion can easily lead to sexual criminality. (5) Contemporary social rules make many noncoital sex acts—such as oral and anal relations or homosexual contacts

—taboo or illegal. When driven by his tastes or hangups to perform such acts, the individual commonly becomes obsessed (rather than merely enjoyably interested) in them, and sometimes has to resort to violence to temporarily put his obsessive-compulsiveness to rest. (6) Our ideals inordinately stress high romance, great beauty, and socioeconomic accomplishment as the prerequisites of a good, steady sex life. Who wins the girl in our novels, plays, and films—the small, 110-pound, balding civil service employee who can get and maintain a good erection, say, no more than once a week? Rarely! It is not surprising if our less favored individuals—the millions among us who are not very bright, rich, handsome, or

● Sex antagonism, in moderation, may be natural but—fanned by our cultural outlook—it can break out into flames in the paranoid minds of murderous individuals ●



highly sexed—tend to feel that they have about as much chance of achieving top-level sex fulfillment as they have of becoming President of the United States or Prime Minister of Great Britain. Every so often, consequently, one of these minimally endowed persons decides to buck the conventional tide and to take sexual matters into his own weapon-filled hands. Lust murder results.

(7) Ours, as Pamela Hansford Johnson acutely points out, is "a society which continuously encourages affectlessness." Our mass media display a steady stream of gangsters, militarists, prize fighters, rioters, and other perpetrators of violence, not a few of whom are portrayed as near-heroes. They rarely encourage empathy on our parts for the unfortunate, and often mangled or killed, victims. If, because of this one-sidedness, even many of the mentally healthiest of us are no longer shocked by cruelty and murder, what suitable deterrents to violent crime are

likely to work with those humans who are prone to narcissism and emotional upset? (8) Sex antagonism is hardly minimized by our culture. On the one hand, we have a set of sex rules that state and imply that females should be virginal till marriage, should be interested primarily in love rather than in sex, and should be devoted to their husbands, to their children, and to the maintenance of their chastity after marriage. On the other hand, we teach our males that they should conquer as many girls as possible in their premarital days, should be primarily devoted to their careers after marriage, and should be the proud possessor of a mistress or two without their wives' knowledge or consent. Sex antagonism, which in moderate ways may even be natural to the human race, thereby becomes unnaturally amplified, with many males turning out to be woman-haters and many females turning out to be hostile to men. This kind of sex antagonism does not often burst out into truly murderous flames, but it seethes in the hearts of millions, and a few individuals actually are encouraged by it to become rapists and murders. It also helps to ferment paranoid thinking: so that both males and females start to believe that members of the other sex are out to exploit or ensnare them and they consequently find the "facts" to fit their paranoid hypotheses. Paranoid thinking is one of the prime causes of sexual and nonsexual murder and was prominent in the cases of Heirens, Fish, Kurten, Speck, and various other killers.

What can we do about stopping sex criminals before they get going on their heinous deeds? Most of the murderers, once they are caught and convicted, no longer are socially dangerous: since the courts exact such heavy penalties from them, such as capital punishment or life imprisonment, that their death-dealing days, for all practical purposes, are brought to an end. But what of those who are likely to, and who alas regularly will, follow in their footsteps? Can we possibly break their addiction to lust killings?

Frankly, no one yet knows—or can even take a confident guess. Legal, medical, and psychological authorities have wrestled with this important problem for years, but can only say with certainty that sex murderers tend to be pretty mad; and what, exactly, human madness is, as well as what can be done to prevent and alleviate it, are still equally ticklish questions. My own theory, born of a quarter of a century of working psychotherapeutically with severely disturbed people, many of whom have been sexually deranged, is that severe neurosis and psychosis largely result from crooked thinking. The borderline and outright psychotic, in particular, rigidly believe (and frequently refuse to give up believing) that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



*"Admittedly you're not the funniest man in the world
—but then, how many of us are?"*



GROOM AT THE TOP

by RON BUTLER

AND NOW—UNISEX ON THE FRAGRANCE FRONT

The he-man in Hollywood films a while back (usually Cary Grant), would walk into a room, inhale deeply a few times and tell any lady who happened to be there exactly what brand of perfume she was wearing. Thus Cary was immediately shown to be urbane and sophisticated. Various plots ensued. Usually the smeller and the smellee fell madly in love, the perfume somehow carrying the film along until its climax and conclusion. The hero would get amnesia, for instance, and only a whiff of *that* perfume would pull him out of it, proving that he was not really a truck driver with the sanitation department after all but the bachelor scion of a prominent paper-products family. (When I tried to duplicate Cary's marvelous sniffing abilities, my high-school sweetheart at the time, a cute, dark-eyed girl named Maria, always seemed to smell like canned anchovies.)

Nowadays Cary Grant is appropriately a leading exponent of his-and-her perfumes. Along with his screen acting, he is an active executive with the Fabergé company. "Why should a man's

fragrance fight with a woman's?" he said recently, on learning that men are buying up for themselves about one-third of all the women's Aphrodisia and Woodhue sold. Both are Fabergé products. At the same time, women are buying and using large quantities of Fabergé's Brut, a highly successful men's fragrance.

Recently a new smellie called Xanadu was introduced by Cary's company, and not unexpectedly it's being billed as a product for *both* men and women. Similarly, Dana's Canoe, one of the first loud noises in the men's fragrance revolution, is being peddled to women too now. Says Robbie Capp, a spokesman for Canoe: "Women love it on their men, and on themselves." Estée Lauder's Azuree line for women and her Aramis line for men are dangerously close in fragrance and essence.

If the trend continues, experts feel that a new breed of Hollywood hero is inevitable. We can see him now, sitting in a large living-room chair, reading his paper, as some sweet little creature steals quietly into the room, approaching him from behind. Hands are clasped gently over his eyes and he hears a frivolous "Guess who?" Our hero puts down his paper, sniffs the air fervently for a moment, then: "George? . . . Harry? . . . Bruce? . . . Max? . . ."

TIME TO BELT UP AND BE COUNTED

Biggest and most successful fashion take of the year is the wide belt. The belt comes in all variations, from flat "mirrored" metal links and chains to triple-width leather and canvas combinations. Black leather gun belts and wide-webbed belts from G.I. days are making a comeback, worn strictly "out of uniform", over sports jackets, coats, sweaters or tunic-style shirts, the ones with tails outside the trousers. Among the younger set, two and as many as three and four belts are being worn at the same time.

The big belt boom is all part of the emphasis now placed on wide fashions in general—wide ties, hat brims, lapels, shirt collars and pocket flaps. No matter how decorative or colorful, there's nothing at all sissy about the new style (see photos).

As with most contemporary fashion, the taste for wide belts can be traced back through history. High-ranking Greeks and Romans wore jeweled belts or belts made entirely from links of precious metals. More recently championship belts, such as those

NAME IN SEARCH OF AN AFTER-SHAVE

"Double Splash" is not the name of a new after-shave lotion, but it might well be if a horse by that name wins next month's Kentucky Derby. The \$100,000 three-year-old, owned by 39-year-old British sportsman Davis Sandeman, is the first European or European-owned horse ever to be entered in the American racing classic's 95-year history. Sandeman, an internationally known figure in the wine and spirits business, is determined. Until he wins, he will buy a new horse each year, train it for 12 months, enter it and sell it later. The Derby, restricted to three-year-olds, is held during the first week in May. Until then the name "Double Splash" we assume is up for commercial grabs.



Kentucky Derby challenger from Britain, trainer Bill Boland up.

awarded in boxing or judo, and wide elaborately carved Western belts have long been a symbol of masculinity.

Commenting on the new belt craze, the Men's Fashion Association warns that belts worn for any other purpose than for holding up one's pants can easily be lost. "They can be as elusive as men's mufflers", says M.F.A., "of which tens of thousands are lost each winter".



OF CURLERS, BEARDS AND UNMENTIONABLES

The Bermuda Government has declared hair-curlers "unacceptable" in public, on either men or women.

Some of the more chic places are now selling "compact pouches for swingers". Inside is a comb and a brush and such so men with newly grown beards, sideburns and mustaches can keep all that hair neat and nice when they dash off to the powder room.

That reminds us, a group of men's fashion writers planning to form their own organization flatly turned down the suggestion, "Fashion Authors' Guild," as a possible name.

BREATHLESS BULLETIN

From a press release: " 'This spring the *cling's* the thing in fashion and in hair', say the stylists at the Charles of the Ritz beauty salons, whose head-skimming hairstyles are clingier, shapelier, smoother and silkier."

WHAT ARE BIGGER GIRLS MADE OF?

Dr W. N. Tauxe, associate professor of pathology at the University of Minnesota, hardly startled the medical profession when he announced at a nuclear-medicine seminar in Toronto recently that girls were composed largely of fat. He said he had conducted tests at the Mayo Clinic showing that up to age 12, boys and girls have almost identical amounts of fat in their bodies. In fact, they even look somewhat alike. But two years later boys increased their muscle mass and reduced the amount of fat, while girls did the opposite.

Some of the female fat, of course, is known as curves. Although well dressed, the young lady in the accompanying photograph illustrates this point nicely. The photograph was sent to us by the German Tourist Office but, since the caption is all in German, we're not sure why. She is a doll, though, even if she is all fat.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

with that whip more than one time. Only one girl in our class has needed it two times. The first time she received only four strokes and would not learn. Next time she must receive the maximum number, eighteen strokes. She has become quite different; she is not being fresh any more and is obeying her parents and teachers.—*Fr. Ursula Sommer (address withheld), Wiesbaden, W. Germany.*

To me riding mads and riding whips are the most erotic things imaginable, especially when used on or worn by teenage girls. Tight blue jeans and rubber boots heighten the desire, and as these are all everyday things in the country and the rain provides the final touch I am surprised nobody has mentioned them.

We used to live on Exmoor and my sister was mad about ponies. My father was a believer in spanking and when we reached 10 the slipper was replaced by one of her riding crops. He used to wait until she came in from riding, when her behind would be good and warm, and would bend her over a table in the tack room, take down her jeans, choose a whip from the rack and give her a dozen or more strokes on the bare bottom.

I noticed then that he normally did it when it was wet and she was wearing a riding mackintosh, and he would make her keep this on while he chastised her.—*B.A. (name and address withheld), Pulborough, Sussex.*

Wetter the better

There is only one thing in the world more excruciatingly erotic to me than an otherwise naked girl with shapely knees in a shiny rubber mackintosh and glossy thigh boots, and that is the same girl dripping wet! Surely it is no more kinky to be excited by girls in shiny mads than by girls in bikinis?—*A.N. (name withheld), Great Titchfield Street, London W.1.*

Of human bondage

Thanks to Penthouse Forum and readers' views, my husband and I have experienced very happy sexual relations. We have tried bottom beating with cane, ruler or leather belt, which most certainly does add desire for intercourse. I haven't read of any other woman being the master and her husband the slave but, believe me, it's thrilling. I tie my husband's hands to the headboard of our bed, then lie him on his stomach and smack his bottom until it's glowing. I dress him in bikini briefs, sexy, lacy ones—it drives him mad to make love. Eventually I lie on top of him and untie him from his ropes and he savages me like a lion let loose.

We have no children as I'm a faulty wife, much to our regret, but we enjoy our sex relations. I have no fear of losing my husband for another woman. I keep him happy.—*Mrs*

M.C. (address withheld), Bury, Lancs.

Change partners

So how come there's this big fuss about wife-swapping all of a sudden? My wife and I have a fairly large circle of friends, and within this circle the practice has been going on for years. Furthermore, we use a far more sophisticated system for pairing off than the old mixed-up car keys routine: the wives all select a card from one deck, then the husbands cut the cards of another deck. As soon as a husband cuts the same card that one of the wives is holding, that's it. (Incidentally, if a husband cuts the card that his own wife is holding, it's invalid.) This system of pairing can take up to 45 minutes and is therefore very tantalizing and exciting for all concerned.—*Hank Landers, Baton Rouge, La.*

Enslaved by the Pill

So we girls must raise our sights, not take rides in strange men's cars and not let anyone pay for us! This is the sort of advice Mother used to give: don't take sweets from strangers. Well, we were good girls and nothing ever happened to us. And that is just what happens to us now if we follow the same advice.

The boys round here have no time for a girl who says no too often. It's not that we run after them or are easy. But we want a life too and we hope to get married one day, so we have to find the boys we can. If you want to go out with a boy around here you have to go on his terms, and that means letting him do the



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perform the two magic waistline reducing exercises, specially designed for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specially designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and massage to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—and when you remove the belt—voilà!—a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.



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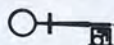
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paying and then getting into the car afterwards for a bit of you-know-what. A girl might get away with saying no the first time because he'll think she's playing hard to get, but she'll have to come across next time or that's the last she'll see of him.

What's more, he'll spread it around she's no good, a dead loss, and she'll get no more dates. Perhaps things are better for a girl in a big city, but here we have about six different boy friends in a year, and we do it about three times a week. Of course you can say we're just a lot of pros really, if you consider a dance or a cinema ticket is enough payment, but aren't all girls being paid for it really?

Talk about raising your sights. It's that or nothing, I can tell you.—Miss Mavis (name and address withheld), Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Sex hygiene

I have been interested in and sometimes amused by the frankness and knowledge of your readers, but little has been written about hygiene in sex matters. I believe the incidence of cervical cancer in women would be less if men were scrupulously clean about scrubbing their hands and nails before indulging in marital experiences. Doctors and school lecturers who lecture on these subjects give little time to the important matter of hygiene in sex.—Dr L. Owen, Duke Street, London W.1.

Foot kick

Since my early teens the sight of a pretty feminine bare foot has aroused intense excitement in me, but I cannot give any reason for it—no childhood traumatic experiences as far as I can remember. Shoes or stockings in themselves rouse no interest, the foot (preferably both of them) better bare or if stockinged, then sheer and transparent, especially black, holding all the attention. And they must be pretty and well-formed—ugly ones are quite repulsive. I have found girls generally sympathetic and co-operative, and have had much pleasure also from seeing barefooted girls who do not at first realize the effect they are having, the unwitting exposure adding to the sensation. (I should add that sex play using a girl's feet or anything else has had final intercourse as its objective.)

Things became a little complicated some years ago when on holiday in Wales I became involved with a very eager girl (must be the mountain air) who on one picnic in the hills asked me to tie her naked to a tree and whip her before indulging ourselves. On another occasion at her request she was tied spread-eagled on the ground between some bushes and mildly tortured with bramble branches dragged across her. These adventures were very stimulating for her and she showed it (I'll not forget her moanings and writhings in a hurry) and they had the same effect on me. Now I find my fetishism overlaid and intertwined with bondage and erotic sadism, a pretty combination!

I have been married some months and my wife is not highly sexed. While showing remarkable understanding of these peculiarities she has not understood them, a subtle but important difference. And who can blame her? She just doesn't realize how strong my feelings are about these things, and unwittingly tortures me

considerably by going barefoot whenever possible (I must admit I enjoy this somehow too, masochistically) She does her best to meet my needs but I know that these occasions mean little to her sexually and are demonstrations of her love and care rather than joint arousals of passion, which is very difficult for her in any case.

She is concerned about her lack of passion and need for intercourse, and has said it might help to try hypnosis for it, adding that it would solve all our problems if an enjoyment of bondage and foot fetishism could be built in. Notice she didn't say that I should undergo a similar process to remove these feelings, and I certainly appreciated this. Frankly I have enjoyed them so much, and there is so much potential to enjoy them further in my marriage, that I should be loth to do this. I must seem very selfish.—H.D. (name and address withheld), Derby, England.

One of my most persistent sexual fantasies has always been to make love to two women at the same time. I have no idea how many other men have the same fantasy, but I suspect quite a few, since I would classify myself as a fairly average American male, if a trifle oversexed. Anyway, the fantasy recently became reality for me and I must say it was more exciting than I had imagined in my wildest dreams. I met girl A about three months ago and we started a sexual relationship almost right away. One evening, I went over to her place for dinner and another girl was there, a friend of hers. I was rather annoyed by this and after dinner privately asked girl A to send girl B home so that we could make love. Imagine my surprise when she said, "Oh, let her stay and watch—she's terribly sex-starved." Well, fantasizing is one thing but facts are another, and I must admit that at first I found the whole thing almost prohibitively embarrassing. But after a while (and after a few drinks) I began to "loosen up" and even enjoy the situation. Needless to say, girl B ultimately ceased being a mere spectator and joined in, getting the three of us so tangled up together that it was hard to tell which limb was whose. These three-way episodes were repeated twice more, then girl B (worse luck) took a job in New York. Girl A and I agree that, unfortunately, sex is no longer as stimulating as when the three of us were together.—Ramsey B.H. (name withheld), Durham, N.C.

Straight not narrow

Frankly, I think the Forum letters present a very distorted view of human sexuality. To hear your correspondents tell it, the world is made up of rubber-loving, bottom-smacking voyeur-exhibitionist deviants for whom straight sex is just one big bore. I suspect that people by and large are not nearly so kinky as the Forum letters would indicate—doubtless the plain truth of the matter is that the letters are selected for publication on the basis of their scandalous bizarreness (hence readability) and do not represent a cross-section of the letters you receive. Straight sex is the best sex, in my opinion. Missionary Position and all—and I'll bet your postbag bears me out.—Bill Conderton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



THE SEXUAL CRIMINAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

he *absolutely must* accomplish outstanding achievements, or else he is a worm; that he *positively has to* win the approval and love of others, or else life is worthless; that other humans have *utterly got to* treat him the way he wants to be treated, or else they are vermin and deserve to be obliterated; and that life *unequivocally is obliged to be* easy and rewarding for him, or else the world is incredibly awful.

Because he holds dogmatically to these unrealistic, perfectionist aspirations the seriously disturbed person inevitably makes himself anxious, depressed, self-deprecating, hostile, and self-pitying. When he does so, certain symptomatic behaviors erupt—including psychosomatic symptoms, drug-taking, alcoholism, fixed and compulsive sex deviation, and violent criminality. The particular kind of symptom that will result in any given case is partly accidental (no one, for example, can become an alcoholic if he has no access to liquor); but once an individual thinks crookedly and unrealistically enough, *some* damned symptom is almost certain to occur.

The conventional answer to emotional disturbance is, of course, intensive psychotherapy; and as a therapist myself, I can attest that it often works beautifully. But it is one thing to cure a fixed homosexual (as I have often done) after he has had, let us say, ten affairs, and quite another thing to cure a murderer after he has gutted and raped ten girls. Even if the latter can be completely relieved of his murderous impulses, how are we to relieve or restore his dead victims?

So psychotherapy for murderers is hardly the answer to stopping sex crime. Preventive measures are much more in order—and they are difficult enough to concoct, much less to effect.

1. If, as my own theory of rational-emotive psychotherapy suggests, severe emotional disturbance is basically caused by unrealistic thinking, then perhaps *all* of us would better be trained to think more sanely and rationally. At the Institute for Advanced Study in Rational Psychotherapy which I direct in New York City, we have an elementary school in which young children, along with their reading, writing, and arithmetic, are taught how to think straight about themselves and the world. If our pilot project works out well, and we can really train youngsters to minimize their disturbance-creating philosophies and to live more joyous, less self-defeating and other-hating lives, this kind of program can perhaps be adapted by other schools and

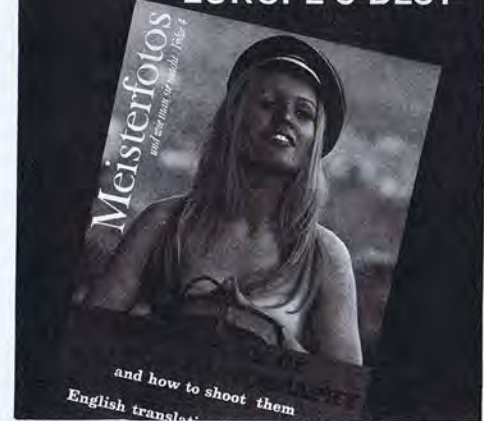
emotional education made an integral part of today's academic schooling.

2. If early environment, including poor social conditions, does contribute significantly to the training of a future sex murderer, then much greater attempts than are taken at present would better be made (a) to remove children from parental control when their parents are obviously unable or unwilling to treat them civilly or set them reasonably good examples of cooperative social living; (b) to help parents, economically and emotionally, who want to provide a good living atmosphere for their children but who do not have the resources to do so; and (c) generally to eliminate poverty, disease, and other undue hardships.

3. If society is truly responsible for some of the sexual conflicts that ruin the lives of many of its members, in turn encouraging sexual violence and murder, then society can make a concerted effort, as it heads for the 21st century, to change its sexual thinking, and legislate in some fairly radical ways. Thus, it might (a) eliminate needless sexual taboos, such as those against masturbation and premarital sex relations, once useful socially (e.g., to increase legitimate offspring in marriage) but now liable to do much more harm than good; (b) mightily increase its program of sex education, so that the dangers of unwanted pregnancy, venereal disease, and self-sabotaging sex guilt are enormously reduced; (c) effectively counter the super-romantic, unrealistic sex-love propaganda of the mass media, in order that needless frustration and disillusionment with love and marriage will be minimized; (d) do its best to reduce the ultraconventional, venal aspects of courtship and dating that tend to lead to unnecessary antagonism between the sexes; (e) combat the apotheosizing of violence in our mass media and encourage sympathy for people who are unjustly victimized by various kinds of violence.

Would this kind of a concerted program reduce the incidence of sex murders in Western civilization? Probably not: for the problem has complicated roots, and no such program is likely to bring quick and startling results. But, compared to the next-to-nothing that we are doing today, almost *anything* that smells of concerned thought and action will bring *some* good results. In a world that is ravaged by general crime, by racial, religious, intergenerational, and political warfare, and by ubiquitous hostility and violence in every conceivable realm of living, sex murder and other forms of criminality may seem to be almost trivial. But no form of man's inhumanity to man is unimportant. To ignore this area is to contribute to the affectlessness and alienation of our times. 

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THE SHOW MUST GO ON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

cornered 10% of U.S. auto sales, this New York spring show provides a panorama of world models large enough to warrant comparisons with the more venerable European exhibitions of Turin, Geneva and others. Detroit now uses the show as a launch pad for "half-year models" like Ford's 1969½ Maverick, and this show's new Pontiac Firebird, Dodge Supercharger and American Motors Gremlin. The attendance (estimated at 500,000 plus in 1969) commands respect from anybody who's got a car to sell.

Complete with pretty girls, hoopla and glitter, the new New York show is a motoring occasion that recalls its brash predecessors of the Roaring '20s. It also preserves the "things to come" flavor of the old Motoramas, with futuristic styling models aimed at testing public reaction to new concepts. One of these, the Mako Shark at the 1965 show, evolved into Chevrolet's acclaimed Corvette Sting-Ray. As for the widening variety of models with which America rides into the '70s, there are pundits who profess to discern in current trends something they call "honest engineer-

ing". On investigation this usually proves to mean cars with more controls for the driver and superficial reminders of racecar characteristics. Today, as always, cars are built to sell, and it just so happens that the taste of the times is for a competition image.

Motor shows are fun, and Fun City was incomplete without a big one of its own. But if ever such shows are to regain the appeal they used to have, it still seems that some serious rethinking will have to be done. In European cities showtime is dreaded for the annual traffic paralysis it produces, and Paris has already moved to shift the venue from the majestic traditional Grand Palais on the Champs-Élysées to a new exhibition hall on the city's outskirts. This is surely an inevitable development elsewhere, for the chaos caused by the product outside the exhibition is the worst possible build-up for selling further examples inside. An additional irony imposed by traffic congestion is the impossibility of actually driving or riding in the models on show. There was a time when intending purchasers could walk outside the hall for a test run, but today you have to make a trip to some dealer's rendezvous.

Most significant of all is the question of how much of the cars you can see properly when you get to the show. Some shows, like London's, have all the

exhibits not only roped off but locked up too to avoid damage. You can peer in at the car's interiors but you can't try the seating or even open the door. James Gardner, a leading British designer who created his country's admired pavilion at Montreal's Expo '67, has suggested that the entire concept of filing past cars on show stands is outdated. He believes that the way of the future lies in movie techniques and effects like GM's ride to the future at the New York World Fair, providing the customer with a vivid, if simulated, experience of the car.

If the world automobile market continues to grow—and short of some epoch-making innovation it is difficult to see what else can happen—this seems to be the logical pattern for the motor shows of the future. Competition can be expected to provide the pressure, for despite the trend towards consolidation of national industries abroad the automobile business has grown more international in character, with rivalry across frontiers replacing internal rivalries, as the soaring of Japanese car exports attests. Buying a car is still a big deal in a man's life—next to his home, the biggest purchase he makes (unless he can afford a private airplane). It deserves a taste of showmanship, and a better way of providing that than a motor show has yet to be found. 

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"Yes we did see the ghost, he told us to avoid the bacon."

6 My Lai and sex: Viet women as Suzy Wongs'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

her will, with intent to gratify his lust for sexual desires". Rape is described as "the commission of an act of sexual intercourse by a person with a female not his wife, by force and without her consent. It may be committed on a female of any age".

These charges not only add another dimension to My Lai but shed further light on the effects of U.S. combat involvement in Vietnam on the troops who actually perform the combat. In this regard, although rape and/or indecent assault has never been sanctioned by official policy as one of the "perks" or fringe benefits of soldiering in the U.S. Armed Forces, there is, in the history of America at war—particularly in the western punitive campaigns against the Indians—ample evidence that the criminality of such attacks was more a question of who was raped rather than the fact of the act. That is, the "boys will be boys" rationalization was frequently used to justify what may have happened to an Indian, a Negro slave, or a Mexican. But regardless of our own history, or of warfare and armies in general, the fact of rape and indecent assault committed by our troops in Vietnam has added significance because, for every act of indecent assault or rape one may conclude we provide the Viet Cong with the means to recruit to their cause an entire hamlet's population.

This fact has been almost completely lost on Americans who, as a result of conditions in their own country and the lack of relevant training about Vietnam, have viewed sexual violence against Vietnamese women as an isolated non-cause and effect phenomenon. Because members of a hamlet's population are all related by blood, marriage, or both, an American act of "friendly" rape, *i.e.*, one followed by the reputed candy bar, may turn a hamlet against all Americans, with further support of the Vietcong.

The military does maintain an extensive "R&R" (Rest and Recreation) program, providing each soldier with free air passage to cities such as Hong-kong and Bangkok along with a week's uncharged leave. R&R is designed to prevent the soldier's sexual desires from exploding, as they are alleged to have done at My Lai. How well R&R—or as the soldiers call it, "I&I" (Intoxication and Intercourse)—works in this regard is open to serious doubt. Admittedly soldiers return physically sated, to the point where combat often provides a rest, but there is then an unfortunate tendency for them to look

at Vietnamese women as if they were all willing Suzy Wongs. A workable alternative would be to provide U.S. government-run brothels staffed with willing non-Vietnamese prostitutes, just as the South Vietnamese and Vietcong run brothels for their soldiers. But for American policy to embrace the obvious and to do so in order to protect the fighting men from Vietnamese hostility—let alone venereal disease—is rejected because of the stress on the American national image and the political costs to those who would be required to acknowledge the "facts of life". So America's unfaced sexual reality of men at war is the cause of one additional moral dilemma for the fighting man to resolve, without much more help than five days of fun and games in one of Asia's fleshpots.

It would be unfortunate if rape and indecent assault at My Lai were allowed to obscure the real problems implicit in the alleged atrocity. That troops will get their sexual pleasures is an axiom of warfare, but the alleged sexual liberties taken with Vietnamese women are as much a cause as they are an effect of U.S. combat involvement in Vietnam. A cause in that the acts of rape and indecent assault are expressions of hostility toward people who, from the American racial point of view, are not as good, strong or productive as Americans; and an effect in that the American combat involvement confirmed this prophecy by destroying much of Vietnamese culture, brutalizing the Vietnamese people and weakening their belief and resolve in the value of honest labor.

Assuredly, the legal defense of those charged will include some variation on the theme that they were only carrying out orders—as they understood them. There is a widespread but erroneous idea that compliance with orders was, until the Nuremberg war crimes judgments, a complete defense for the soldier. However, this idea is incorrect. In 1804 Chief Justice John Marshall set forth as the law of the United States that military orders are no justification for known unlawful acts. On the other hand, as the My Lai court-martials will point out, the orders of superiors can be cited as justification for his actions by the individual soldier who is uninformed about the specific military situation and who must rely on the judgment of his commander. If the My Lai court-martials accept such a defense, the alleged massacre will become an entirely new issue. An upward shift must ensue in the search for those responsible for what happened at My Lai.

In such an event, the President, the Congress, and the people would not, nor could allow the freeing of the subordinates who followed orders, while ignoring the superiors who issued them.

To do so would literally destroy America's armed forces. The U.S. Army, in a somewhat belated move (20 months after the event), directed Lt.-General William R. Peers, now chief of reserve components of the Army, to conduct an investigation of any Army cover-up in the alleged My Lai massacre. Peers' inquiry was independent of the criminal investigation into the massacre which produced charges against some of those actually present. However, the Peers inquiry may prove to be of greater importance if his investigation attempts to absolve—before the fact of the court-martials—the Army's high command of the responsibility for My Lai on the basis that there was no cover-up. Cover-up is not the issue. Official obfuscation is embodied in the idea of the Peers' inquiry because, even without cover-up, the responsibility of higher officers for training, doctrine, and practice is not shiftable. The "buck" of that responsibility stops with the generals who establish military policy in those areas.

It should be remembered that following World War II, the Japanese General Yamashita was sentenced to death by a court of senior American officers *not* for what he himself did, but for his failure to issue, supervise, and enforce suitable and effective orders to prevent his troops from committing atrocities. Once one considers the Yamashita trial and sentence, the consequences of My Lai are clear. It places on the military the burden of proving not only the facts of the massacre as alleged, but also that it was an isolated episode not symptomatic of a command policy intent only on the mechanics of waging war. In this connection, the question raised earlier about distinguishing between friend and foe, how and why the so-called "free fire zones" are sanctioned and condoned, the racial feelings of our troops manifested in a callousness towards the Vietnamese people which brutalizes American and Vietnamese alike, the lack of appropriate and sufficient training for our troops to enable them to cope with the reality of a guerrilla war and that of Vietnam as a society must be resolved by the American government and more importantly by those who have supported its policy.

Grave issues far transcending the specifics of the My Lai court-martials are involved. Are we our own men? Have we overestimated our real strength? Have we assumed a courage and conviction in our national life and purpose which doesn't really exist, and therefore makes a mockery of statements concerning a responsibility for our and others' freedom? My Lai is the means to hold each American's feet to the fire to find answers to these questions and to restore some credibility to our goals, both at home and abroad. 

WANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"An Armenian comrade by the name of Trickoyan. You want his dossier, M'selle?"

"I want his, and the dope on every member of the presidium of the Central Committee of the party. Particularly its new chairman, Yuri Lammsitoff. Now, let me think what else I wanted from you, Sappy . . ."

When Candyfloss stirred from sleep, around noon, she was at first unsure of her whereabouts, so varied had been the scenes of her awakenings over the past few weeks. Slowly, however, the familiar features of her private room in Wanda's Velvet Suite came into focus: the mirrored ceiling that both reflected and excitingly magnified the bed's occupant(s), the huge tempera painting of her mistress (seen from Candyfloss's favourite angle) pouting at her from the opposite wall, the broad dressing-table with its glittering forest of scent-bottles and crystal sprays, the precious little collection of girlish souvenirs displayed on the Louis Quatorze console, a cork from the first magnum of champagne she and Wanda had drunk together, a splintered willow switch, a couple of worn-out dildos and a coked-up opium pipe . . .

As the nymphet raised herself on one elbow, her sleep-laden eyes fell on the hunting gear she had strewn over the

carpet before collapsing into bed earlier that morning, and she sank back on the pillows, her dewy lips parting in a smile as she lowered a tentative hand to the area that had absorbed most of the punishment of her night in the saddle.

"Oh, Rudi," she sighed, "With my ass and your horse, no road can be too long, no journey too arduous!" A second later, she rolled over, plucked up the telephone and pressed the button connecting her to Grud, the *schloss's* head jailer.

"At your service, M'selle!" The Albanian's voice sounded like the rasp of a two-pound iron key in a rusted-up lock.

"The prisoner in the guest-cell, Grud. Has he been given his oats—I mean his breakfast—this morning?"

"I had no instructions, M'selle . . . Ali-el-Bubo just arrived with a new consignment of Congalese bucks, and —"

"That," Candyfloss cut in, "is M'selle Wanda's department. I want the guest-prisoner cleaned up and fed at once, do you hear? Right. Make it three dozen oysters, six scrambled eggs and a pound of fillet-steak tartare, with a pot of Japanese mushroom tea. Oh, and Grud—"

"M'selle?"

"I want an armed guard, around the clock, outside the guest-cell. That'll be all."

Wanda was still closetted with Sebastian Sapiens in the West Tower when Candyfloss finished her toilet and brunched alone on peaches-in-brandly followed by a caviare bliny with rose-

petal jam on the side. Thus fortified, and wearing the most feminine minifrock she could find in her wardrobe—a clinging wisp of pink chiffon—she made her smiling appearance in the guest-cell just as Rudi was finishing his own nourishing repast. The still-bemused Westapo chief did a double-take. This was a new and totally unimagined version of the spurred and booted Fury who had so brutally overridden every point he had raised during the past 12 hours, and he gave immediate voice to his confusion.

"You're not one of twins, by any chance?"

Candyfloss's loose tresses made a negative swirl about her shoulders. "There's only one of me, Rudi. Aren't you relieved?"

Something in the way she spoke his name—a hint almost of affection—got through to the young German, and he permitted his slit of a mouth to crack slightly in a sardonic smile.

"Which Twin has the Pony?" he quipped. "I'd rather not even think about it."

With a little gasp of distress, Candyfloss sank to her haunches beside Rudi's chair. "Your poor thighs!" she cried. "Did Pusscake's naughty spursy-wursies do that?"

"Since you mention it," Rudi muttered, wincing at the touch of the nymphet's fingers, "I was going to raise the matter of maybe switching from Mexican rowels to Haute-Ecole."

"Request granted, darling," Candyfloss coo-ed. "Now, you just take it easy while I go get something to put on those nasty gashes."

Wanda was sitting on the converted Byzantine throne in the bath-chamber of the Velvet Suite when Candyfloss came tripping along in quest of the whip-salve ointment always kept in the medicine cabinet.

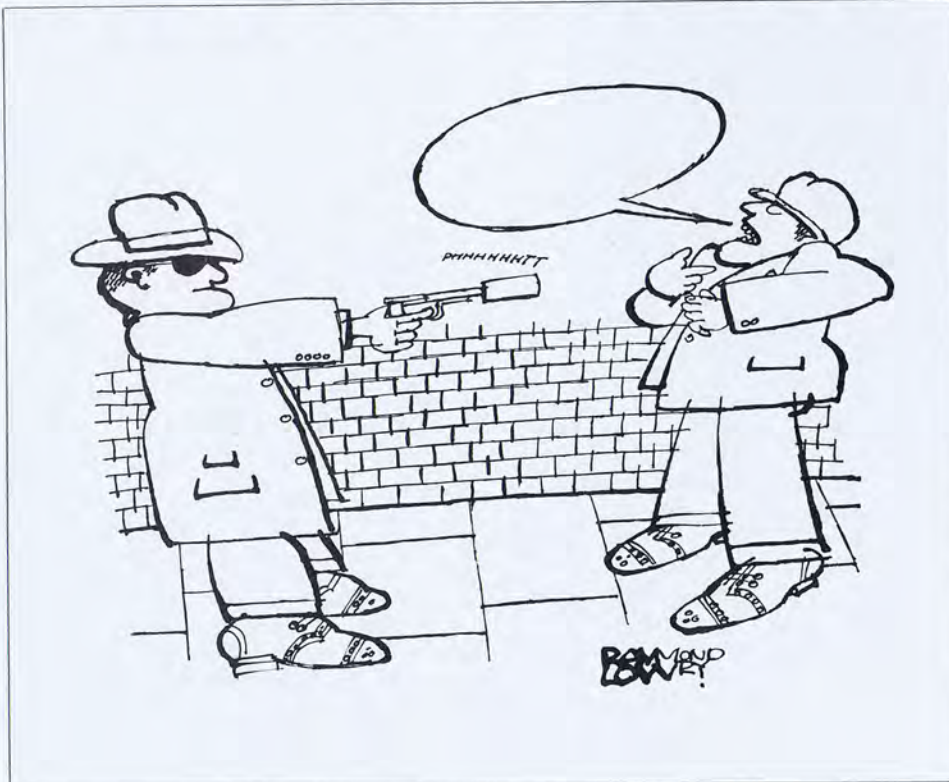
"And where were *you* all night?" she snapped.

"Me?" the nymphet temporized. "Why—er—just kind of burning up the midnight candle in my own quarters. Booful."

"Candle?" her mistress sneered. "On that tape I have channelled from the guest-cell, it sounds more like The Charge of the Light Brigade!"

For the very first time in her life, Candyfloss felt herself actually blushing. And at the sight of this phenomenon, Wanda's lovely face hardened.

"An apposite simile, in fact," she grated, reaching for the tasselled velvet rope and flushing on her own account, "since this very day you and I, my pretty, launch our frontal attack on the Russkis."



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 **SIGNET**

FÜR ELISE continued from page 56 / I want a work of art."

"I see." She looked at him, almost in fear. Then she said:

"Shouldn't I know your name?"

Bellamy strode across to a small cupboard near the door, and crouched down, almost pouncing. When he stood up, he was holding two pieces of paper.

"Let me read you something," he said, "First, the letter she wrote to *me*. Second, what I want *you* to say when she comes."

He stood, facing her from the door, and began to read:

"From Lois, with love, darling. I want you again, Paul. Simply that. You are a Hyperion to the satyr I am now enduring. I was a green girl. A tantrummy child. You are a kaleidoscope—endless, like a catalyst. You are an anagram—I adore enigmas. You are an oasis—I detest my present desert. I shall see you on Saturday evening, at 10 o'clock. We shall resurrect our echoes, darling, and bathe with clean limbs in the cool of the morning. I am utterly sorry for what I have done. Ivor means as much to me now as a combful of hair.

By mass-time on Sunday morning you will have been persuaded. I want to marry you, Paul. Lay out my black nightdress—on Saturday, the lady will be a tramp."

Bellamy folded the first piece of paper, and slid it into his chest. Then he continued.

"Who is it, Paul darling?"

He paused, and looked at her. "Paul, who is it?" He saw she was smiling with a weird, savage nastiness. "Paul darling, come back to bed. The lady wants to be a tramp again."

Bellamy thrust the paper into her demanding, slender hand.

"You're a monster, Paul," she said. "But I like it. *Christ*, I like it, Paul!"

"You sound as if you had a personal stake in my success tonight."

"Maybe I have, Paul." She played with her smile, teasing it, letting it tantalize the beauty of her tranquil, placid face. "Maybe I have."

"What was *his* name?" Bellamy said.

"That's not a proper question to put to an Erring Sister."

"No. I'm sorry."

She fanned herself with the two pieces of paper.

"So this is what you want me to say, is it, Paul?"

"With all the perfumed sensuality at your experienced disposal."

"Do you want it live or taped?"

"As you wish. If you feel you'd like to do it live, the bedroom's over there."

"I need priming. Not vodka," she laughed, as he started for the cocktail cabinet. "I need Beethoven. Just a few draughts of 70° Beethoven. Do you have *Für Elise*?"

"I do," said Bellamy. "That *all* you want?"

"That's all. Put it on for me, will you? Then go and have a bath or something. I'll be in the bedroom when you've finished. Don't worry, I won't let you down, not after three or four rounds of *Für Elise*."

As Bellamy bathed, the still, sad music drifted across his torpid mind. *Für Elise*. Was *her* name Elise? Why had she chosen that music? Had some lover betrayed her, as he was

now planning to betray Lois? He reflected in drowsy amusement that he must have hired the only *cocotte* in London who had ever asked her client to play Beethoven. It was an interesting situation. And Lois would be here soon.

She would come as she had always come to him—lithe, flexible almost, with a body that always reminded him of a horsewhip filmed in slow motion. She would come full of regret, oozing remorse, dripping with redoubled love. Then he would strike. While Lois was clinging to him in a spasm of anguish and relief, he would strike her down—sweetly, subtly, viciously. How strange, and yet how appropriate, that it needed one woman to destroy another. He knew he could have had a quiet victory by himself—but it needed another woman to make the victory magnificent. He had loved Lois. He had loved her as ferociously as he now hated her.

Bellamy hummed to himself, soothing himself. The music stroked his mind, drowning memories; memories which disturbed. Since Lois had gone, taking with her all that they had seen and done together, all that they had said and been,

he had reached a curious, lofty level of detached tranquillity, like a dramatist in the wings.

Drying himself on the white towel, he watched his body in the mirror wall of the bathroom. It was a good body; Graeco-American, Lois had called it. There were no more than nine bottles of whisky inside its thirty years, no more than 10,000 cigarettes. It was an athlete's body. He eased on his trunks, concealing the black fur across his taut abdomen.

It was a quarter to ten.

Bellamy walked back into the lounge, where the Beethoven still caressed the air. He turned it lower, and called softly:

"Elise!"

"I'm in bed."

He poured himself a small whisky, and waited for Lois. At five to ten, he heard the doorbell, and walked up the short hallway. Behind him, in his bedroom, he sensed that Elise was waiting—poised, like a lance before the charge.

In front of him, he saw the impatient feminine blur of Lois, on the other side of the hammered glass. And then she was clinging to him, and saying things, and crying.

Elise had walked from Bellamy's bedroom, silently, and now stood in the middle of the lounge, where Lois could see her from the hall.

Elise said, almost in a whisper:

"Paul darling, come back to bed. Never mind who's at the door. Come back to bed. The lady wants to be a tramp—*again*."

She was wearing only Lois's nightdress—the crumpled, black shroud she had taken from the wall.

Lois fell away from Bellamy then, screaming silently—and retreating, like a dumb and tortured cat, insane with agony and horror, yet facing Bellamy until the last, until he slammed the door in bitter triumph.

Elise said: "Come to bed. By the way, you've saved yourself £50."

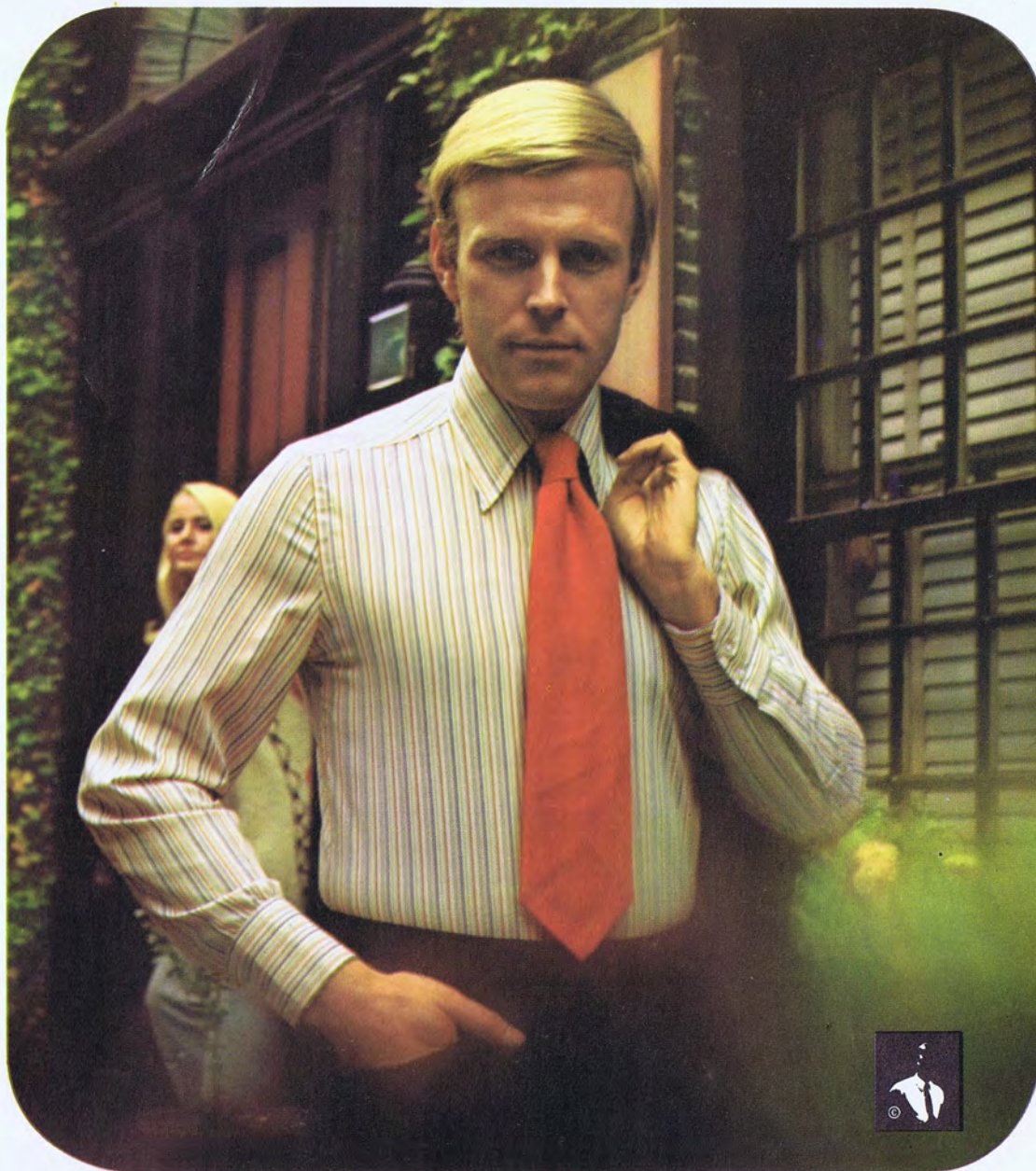
"Have I?"

"Because *this* lady *really* wants to be a tramp." She took his hand, gently pulling him. "Kommen Sie. Für Elise." 

”

Let me read you
something—first the
letter she wrote to me,
he said, then what I want
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comes . . .

”



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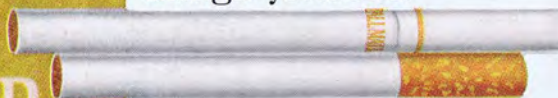
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